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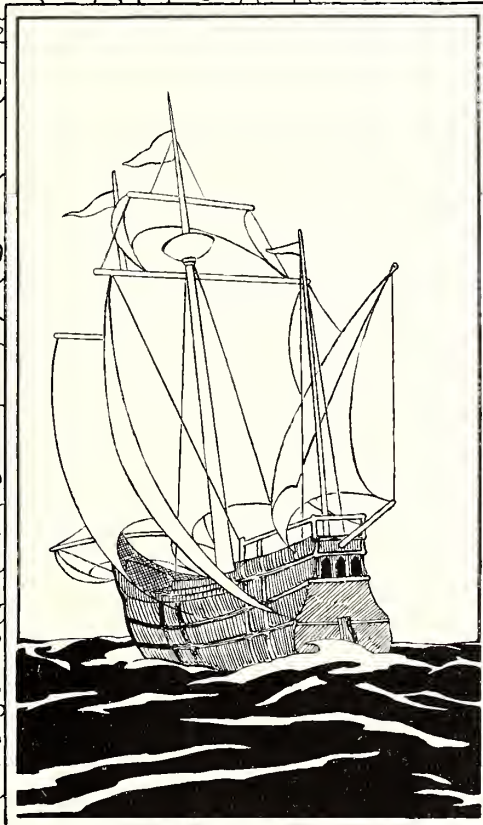
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by the Class of 1923







# ILLINOIS



1923

PUBLISHED By THE JUNIOR CLASS

M. Appleby

To  
Mr. James E. Mac Murray  
in sincere appreciation  
of his interest in  
the College  
we dedicate this volume.





51108  
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Jacksonville, Illinois



## College Song

**B**Y stately elms surrounded  
Our dear old college stands,  
And with a faith unbounded  
Our loyalty demands.  
She guides her daughters all aright,  
As to her side they cling,  
And shields them well when dark the night  
'Neath the shadow of her wing.

Oh, college dear, we love but thee,  
And will be always true.  
Thy colors shall our ensign be—  
The yellow and the blue.

Hail to our Alma Mater!  
The pride of all the land!  
We will loyal be forever  
And by her side we'll stand.  
Her fame for aye we will unfold  
Till known to all she'll be,  
And oft her glories be retold  
By us o'er land and sea.







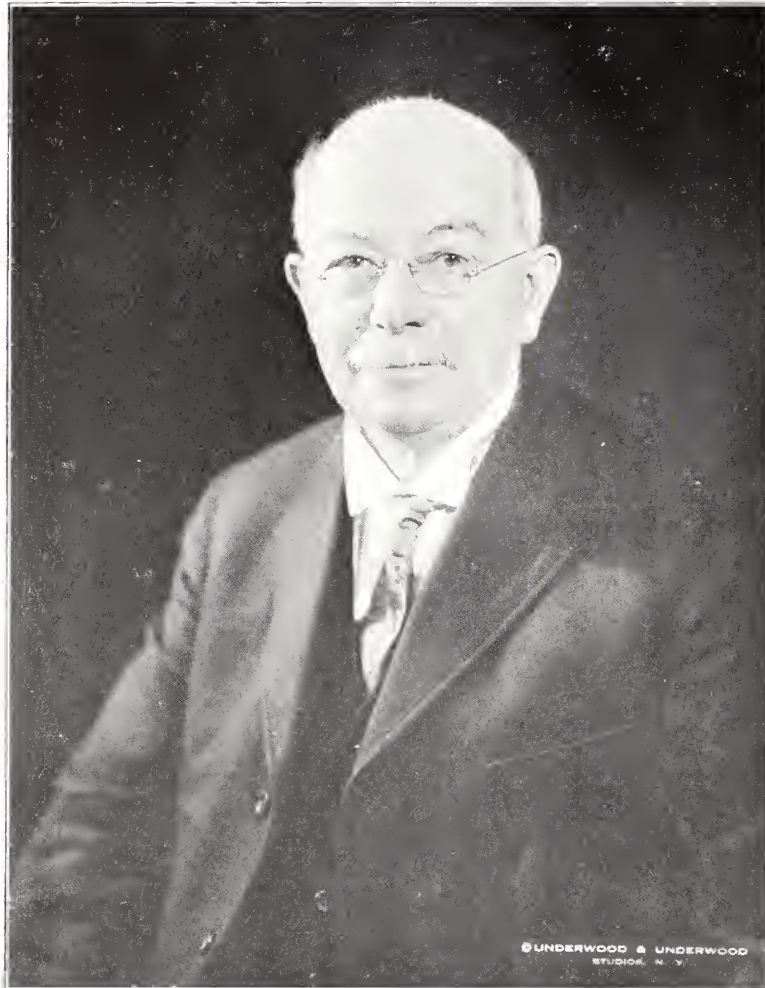












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(Illinois College, Northwestern University)



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(Oberlin College, A.B.,  
Kent State Normal College, B.S. in Ed.)





## College of Music



HENRY WARD PEARSON,  
A.B., B.M.

*Director, Piano, Pipe Organ, Theory*

Pottsdam State Normal School, Piano, Theory; New England Conservatory of Music, Piano, Theory; Private pupil, William H. Sherwood, Chicago; MacDonald Smith, London; Marie Prentner and Leschetizky, Vienna; Organ pupil of F. E. Hawthorne, Henry B. Vincent, J. Warren Andrews, Clarence Eddy.



LENA M. HOPPER

*Public School Music*

College of Music; Illinois Woman's College, Department of Voice; Supervisor's Course in Public School Music; Summer School Work in Boulder University and National Summer School of Chicago.



LOUISE D. MILLER

*Voice*

College of Music; Illinois Woman's College; Frederick W. Root, Chicago; Charles Clark, Chicago.



## MYRTLE LARIMORE

*Piano, Organ*

College of Music, Illinois Woman's  
College; Frederick Morley, Chicago;  
Mrs. Crosby Adams' Class, Montreat,  
N. C.

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FORREST*Voice*

Pupil of Francis Powers, New York;  
Wilhelm Heinrich, Boston and Germany;  
Maestro Giorgio Sulli, Florence, Italy,  
and New York.



## BELLIE MEIUS

*Piano, Children's Classes*

Dakota Conservatory of Music; Ameri-  
can Conservatory of Music, Chicago.



## BEATRICE HORSBRUGH

*Violin*

Brussels Conservatory; authorized  
pupil of Leopold Auer.





FLORENCE KIRBY, B. M., M. M.

*Piano, Theory*

Bush Temple Conservatory, Chicago, B. M., M. M.; Private pupil of Harold von Mickwitz, Edgar Nelson, Edward Collins, Moissaye Boguslawski; Theory with Kenneth Bradley, Edgar Brazelton and Florence Hodge.



OLGA SAPIO

*Piano Harmony and History of Music*

Early training in France and England; Adele Margulies, Vienna Conservatory, National Conservatory, New York; Harmony with Stanislaus Haschek; History of Music under Henry T. Fink.







## College of Music

Never has the music department been more flourishing in numbers and results, altho we hope, of course, for still better things next year. One of the chief privileges of the Faculty is to be "never satisfied!"

Be that as it may, we should like to point out that since our Faculty recitals were so many and varied this year, we had to introduce "joint programs" in order to fit them all in, and every one seemed to like the innovation. Certain it is that the audiences were most gratifyingly big and enthusiastic, and indeed every program was well worth hearing.

The children's work has been splendid; their many recitals have amply proved just what patience and good training will produce from the average small person. Their department arranged a concert for Miss Alma Mehus and Miss Margarethe Morris, the first of a "Young Artists' Series" which will be continued next season.

The bi-monthly Thursday afternoon recitals have been a source of great pride to Director Pearson and his staff, and sufficient first class numbers were selected from these informal programs to make up four advanced evening concerts.

1922 was a red letter year for the violin department. Estelle Cover being the first student to graduate in violin with a B. M. degree.

From the big world of professional artists the College brought to Jacksonville Dumesnil, French pianist; Frances Ingram, contralto; Zoellner Quartette, Mme. de Vere Sapio, soprano, and T. Tertius Noble, noted organist.

The college orchestra, the Madrigal and Glee Clubs gave concerts of unusual interest, the Glee Club giving several programs out of town.

Truly, this year has seen many changes; old teachers have gone, new teachers have come, but through it all we have kept the high ideals of the college, remembering that "*ars severa, magnum gaudium.*"



### Cameron's Cove

Painted by Miss Knopf in Colorado last summer. Awarded first prize at the Fall Exhibition of Broadmoor Art Academy, Colorado Springs. Later exhibited in an Exhibition by American Artists at the Chicago Art Institute, and elsewhere.





# SENIORS

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MISS MARY JOHNSTON  
Faculty Adviser

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	MILDRED MAYER
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	MARION MUNSON
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> .....	CARMEN DUGGER



MARY ROSE ADAMS—B. A.  
Homer, Illinois

Sunny Hair and Smile.  
Second Edition of Pollyanna.  
Has a Voice and uses It.



HILDRETH ASHWOOD—B. A.  
Rushville, Illinois

Tall, Haughty, and Handsome.  
Twentieth Century Portrait of Venus in  
Disgust. Lord High Keeper of Christian  
Coffer.



VELMA BAIN—B. A.  
Waynetown, Indiana

"Uncle Bill"—No Bachelor Maid in  
spite of Grandma. Especially fond of  
"Gym."



HELEN CHILES—B. A.  
Palmyra, Illinois

Interested in Antiques, particularly Hor-  
ace, Pliny, etc. Shade of Cicero pound-  
ing a Typewriter.





ADA CLOTFELTER—B. A.

Hillsboro, Illinois

Irish. Addicted to Christopher Morley and Liederkrantz cheese. Disciple of Bookman. Greetings, Yutchi!



ESTELLE COVER—B. M.

South Bend, Indiana

Black Velvet and a sweet-singing Violin. Bobbed Hair and an Artistic Temperament.



HAZEL DELL—B. A.

Dubuque, Iowa

Adept in Art of Squelching. Aspires to the Johnstones. Likes those Best who don't Squelch well. A Giggle and an Appreciation of Poetry. Genuine Heart Interest in *Heathen* of India.



MARION DEPEW—B. A.

Jacksonville, Illinois

Chief Interests in Life:  
Bugs and Rubber boots.  
Budding Authoress (cf. "Bringing up Hattie") and embryonic orator.



CARMEN DUGGER—B. A.  
Scottville, Illinois

Brains and Bangs (not doors).  
A Conscience acquired in Senior year.  
A Chaperone for Wandering Profs.



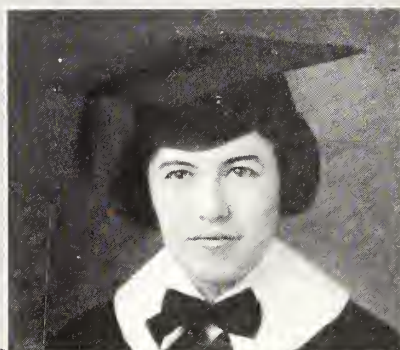
MARY ELLISON—B. S.  
Vermont, Illinois

Authority on I. C. and Up-To-Date Tac-  
tics in Basket Ball. Perpetual Pep.



MARGARET HAMILTON—B. A.  
Jacksonville, Illinois

"Son"—Peck's Bad Boy in an Unsym-  
pathetic Environment. Soda Pop. A  
major in Swimming, Chapel Cutting and  
Latin.



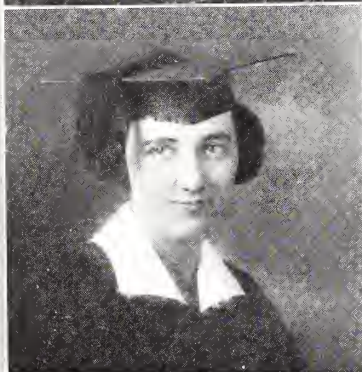
LURA HURT—B. A.  
Illioopolis, Illinois

Strangely youthful Grandma.  
Practical Sociologist.

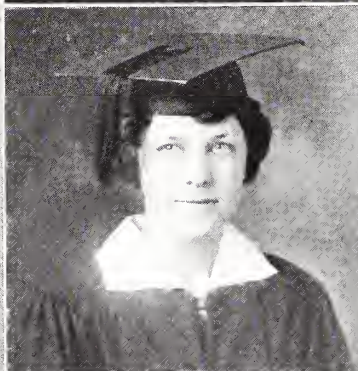




VIOLA IUNGERICH—B. A.  
Champaign, Illinois  
Small package—insured and special delivery. Shades of Pavlowa.



HARRIET KEYS—B. A.  
Lincoln, Illinois  
This Hat suits Everyone.  
A Freshman's Idea of What a Senior Ought to be.



JENNIE LACY—B. A.  
Los Angeles, California  
Only person besides Ada who'll Stand for Liederkrantz.  
"She guides her Daughters all Aright."



GLADYS LAUGHLIN—B. A.  
Wyaconda, Missouri  
"Pa"—an Arm of the Law.  
Contagious Grin.



MILDRED MAYER—B. S.

Lincoln, Illinois

Wants What she Wants When she  
Wants it,—quite often Gets It. Says  
What she Means When she Thinks it—  
and Thinks all the Time.



MIRIAM McOMBER—B. A.

Lafayette, Illinois

Jane of all Trades—and  
Mistress



MARGARET MERKER—B. A.

Alexandria, Indiana

"Ma" makes Music. Living Example  
that one may have Family Cares and a  
Career at same time.

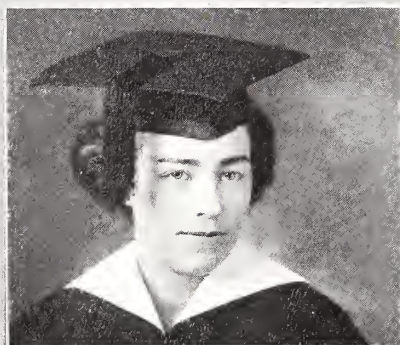


MARION MUNSON—B. S.

Rushville, Illinois

Practicality Plus. Chief Cook for In-  
valids. Home Ec Senior, preparing to  
fill "Woman's Place in the Home."





JANE MUSE—B. A.  
Raymond, Minnesota  
Eyes of the Sphinx, Vocabulary of a  
Flapper. Always adjacent to a Copy  
of *Masters in Art*.



HELEN PASCHALL—B. A.  
Jacksonville, Illinois  
Christina Rosetti, St. Catherine, and Hy-  
patia. New fangled Ideas in an Old  
fashioned Garden.



HELEN POOLE—B. A.  
Edwardsville, Illinois  
Feminine Version of an Arrow Collar  
Ad. How we'd Like to Imagine we  
Look to Other People.



DOROTHY REMLEY—B. A.  
Waynetown, Indiana  
Sweetness and Light—  
usually *Footlight*.



# JUNIORS







#### MISS McLAUGHLIN

Miss McLaughlin, here's to you,  
Our class adviser loyal and true!  
Illiwoco or bob-sled ride,  
You are always our strength and guide.



#### HELENA BETCHER

Did you ever smell the coffee boiling  
When at eve your thoughts to slumber used  
to turn?  
'Twas Billee Betcher really toiling,  
While the midnight oil she burned  
Down in the gloom  
Of the Illiwoco room.



#### ALMA BLODGETT

From hockey to basket ball Al won fame,  
But what startled us most,  
And now how we boast  
Of the power of her tongue  
And the victory she won,  
In that little impromptu game.



#### ELOISE CALHOUN

Eloise, with coal black hair  
And big brown eyes,  
Come, with me your secrets share  
And put me wise  
How to be a poetess and write.  
And not be in this sorry plight.



FLO DIKEMAN

Here's to Flo, the willing worker;  
You'll never find that she's a shurker.  
When there's something to be done  
Flo is always on the hum



ELEANOR JANE DINSMORE

Jane is always full of pep;  
In hockey, tennis, basket ball  
Helps to make the Junior rep,  
Which pleases one and all.



ADA FOSTER

Ada is a Home Ec girl,  
Ever busy, that is true;  
Handling all the Junior bills,  
Which are not a few.



MARGARET FOWLER

Here's our Mugs with sparkling eyes;  
A charming girl is she, and wise;  
Rich in talents many and rare,  
None with her can e'er compare,  
Willing, loyal Junior ever,  
Staunch and true in each endeavor.





#### HELEN GOWDY

Here's to our President,  
In hockey eminent.  
For basket ball or society,  
Or any other gaiety  
She has a natural bent.



#### DOROTHY HOAG

Oh, Dorothy, came back to us  
From Aurora College;  
Knows there's no place like this one  
For absorbing knowledge.



#### EVA GERTRUDE HODGENS

Eva Gertrude Hodgins,  
O, she is young and fair;  
She rooms with Helen Bailey,  
And she plays the ukulele,  
And one day very gaily  
She up and bobbed her hair.



#### HARRIET HALL

Harriet Hall, come give me some aid;  
If you'll but answer my poem is made.  
When never a word do your two lips touch,  
How, oh how can you hold so much,  
Of History dope and other such!

## MARY HALL

Mary, Mary always busy,  
How does your cooking go?  
With dietetics and household arts,  
And design classes all in a row.

## FAYE HOLDER

There may be others holder, ah,  
More fair or more gay, ah,  
But we always will say, ah,  
Just for day after day, ah,  
Give only, give us Faye Holder, ah.

## HELEN MASSIE

With smiling eyes she greets you,  
A charming Junior girl and fair;  
Ready is Helen whenever there's work to do,  
With her many talents she's right there.

## IRENE PARLI

Irene of the great wide west,  
Came to study with us and play;  
A Junior now serious, now gay,  
We'll leave it to you to guess the rest.







ELSON PIRES

Elson may be small in stature,  
But when it comes to mind,  
There's nothing small about its structure;  
The grandest Junior you can find.



HAZEL QUICK

Hazel is nimble, Hazel is quick,  
O how she wields the hockey stick!  
She's a staunch guard in basket ball,  
Helping to win the games one and all.



SUZANNE RINEHART

For the fiddle Suzanne has a passion,  
And where'er she draws that bow,  
There's music of rarest fashion,—  
She surely does know how!



JOSEPHINE RINK

When melody floats down the corridor,  
As gaily as that of a troubador,  
We know that it's Jo, whistling her song,  
Cheering us all as we pass along,  
While her uke with its soft, plaintive strain,  
Carries us straight to the land of Spain.

## IRENE SCHLOSSER

Did you ever see Rosy in the hockey-game?  
A half-back with stick firm and steady,  
Driving the enemy back and winning fame,  
A Junior girl ever loyal and ready.

## DOROTHY MAE SMITH

Dorothy Mae is jolly and gay,  
Yet serious and good alway.  
How could we do without such a girl,  
In this busy and wide old world?

## GRACE STYLES

A busy girl of I. W. C.  
Before us here we see,  
Making music for one and all,  
Either in gym or in Music Hall.

## PAULINA TULL

Oh, Paulina Tull,  
Ever chasing pictures down,  
All up and down and round the town,  
Doesn't it make your head go roun',  
Or do you find it dull?







GERTRUDE UNVERSAW

Well, well, look who's here!  
 Yes, you're right,—one more Hoosier.  
 She came to us from Indiana "U,"  
 A change, we know, she'll never rue.



JANETTE WALLACE

Here's to our Jane,  
 Who's won much fame  
 In various lines of endeavor,  
 In hockey, basket ball, or Y. W.,  
 We couldn't exist without 'er.



RUTH WEBB

It was indeed a lucky day  
 That brought us Ruth to stay;  
 A bright and shining star is she,  
 Loved by all of twenty-three.



FLORENCE WEBER

Florence is a girl with big, brown eyes,  
 With a smile sweet and kind;  
 Whatever she's asked to do, she tries,  
 A loyal friend in her you'll find.

ILLIWOOD

# SOPHOMORES



1923

Thirty-nine





1. Harrison, Byland, Clark, Mershon, Gilbons, Murphy, Zwernmann, Hyrup, Sturgeon, Bailey, Yansack, Eilers  
 2. Dean, Davis, Waldron, Craig, Smith, Seybold, Watters, Hackett, Vick, King, Purl  
 3. Jones, Brougher, Dyarman, Jordan, Terhune, Lowry, Anderson, Rallow, Roark, Garvey, Thompson  
 4. Johnson, Applebee, Krieger, Barwise, Olson, Hermann, Dryden

## Drama Sophomorum

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

FACULTY ADVISER, MISS WHITMER  
 PRESIDENT, L. VICK  
 MEMBERS OF CLASS

### SCENE:

Town of the Amazons. Beating of drums and tom-toms.

Vick, acknowledged ruler, strides to the rostrum.

Vick: What ho! fellow classmates! Gather about me! I have great news to impart!

Members: Hark! Gather hither, sisters. Let us hear! Come, come! Waste no time. Most illustrious President, what is your message?

Vick: Quiet, quiet, if you please. Do you think my lungs are of iron? How often must I reprove you for unworthy conduct? (*Quiet.*)

My message is this. We are invited by the Freshmen to an entertainment Saturday night.

(Cries of "I cannot go." The illustrious Valentino plays then!)

Vick: Silence! (*Silence.*) This entertainment is at the gym. It is a dance.

Non-Dancing Members: Hurrah! Huzzah! Whoopce! A dance! Let us go and make merry! Let us crowd the dancers off the floor. Let us do the two-step!

Dancing Members: Oh Juno, will they have the blind orchestra? O "Bright Eyes!" We *shall* see Rudolph!

Vick: But it is your duty—

Whit: May I say a word? (*Vick lapses into silence.*) Surely, sweet spinsters, such sisterly sensibility from the swaddling class should stand noticed. It is certainly our duty to show our appreciation. We must go, etc.

Vick: You have heard our illustrious adviser's words! We must heed them. Let us all be there.

Is there any further business? Oh yes! this almost escaped my harrowed brain. The interclass debate is to come off.

Class: Let us declare war! Let us do ourselves proud! Let us have spirit!

Vick: Your response is gratifying! I call for volunteers. (*Silence.*) I call for volunteers! (*Silence.*) *I call for volunteers!* (Two hands are held up.)

Fine! Most glorious members!

Class: (Cheers, yells, and whistles.) Let us sing!

(Exit all singing: "Sophomores, dear old Sophomores.")













First row: Morris, Keys, Layman, Bishop, Ansel, Rudy, McOmber, Wilson, Riggs, Brooks. Second row: Hasenstab, Weaver, World, Bennett, Cotner, Potter, King. Third row: Carter, Carroll, Clark, Stevenson, Dowd, Seiple, Lake. Fourth row: Foster, Hieronymous, Moore, Burdell, McPharron, Higgins, Adams, Chiles, Burnmeister, Meisenbach, Roark. Fifth row: Robinson, Dizler, Keller, Frey, Armstrong, Gilpin, Brinton, Walker, Fruit, Brown. Sixth row: Shank, Bell, Dinwiddie, Kitchell, DeHaven, Sardina, Morgan, Williamson, Hobson, Rexroat, Barnut, Bloomer, Davis. Seventh row: Rodgers, E. Morris, L. Morris, Gilfillan, Van Dorn, Irelan, Kessler, Striley, Madden, Meadows. Eighth row: Dieman, King, Wagner, Watson, Logan, Farnam, Gilman, Colvin, Smith, Virgin. Ninth row: Balch, Elrod, Moffit, Jenkins, Harper, Main, Gentry, Weaver.

## Freshman Class Officers

<i>President</i> .....	GENEVIEVE WILSON
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	WINIFRED POTTER
<i>Secretary</i> .....	HARRIET McOMBER
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	MARY NELL HARPER
<i>Reporter</i> .....	MABEL BLOOMER

When we first came to the Woman's College  
 We startled all with the amount of knowledge  
 We were able to store away,  
 And the pep we had and the games we won,  
 And the glorious times and all the fun  
 We had, made the rest of 'em say—  
 Oh, where did they ever find the lot?  
 They're always right here on the dot!  
 They're the ones on whom you can rely!  
 The Freshman Class is the Class for us,  
 They do things without a fuss.  
 Class spirit with them will never die.



The Staff of the 1923 Illiwoco wishes to express its gratitude to Miss Knopf for her willing and excellent advice, and to the girls in the studio for their work. Few annuals are so fortunate as to have the co-operation of so fine an art department or so expert an Art Director, and the Illiwoco Staff certainly appreciates its privilege.



# ORGANIZATIONS

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

FRENCH CLUB

MADRIGAL CLUB

GLEE CLUB

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

DRAMATIC CLUB

INDIANA CLUB

TOWN GIRLS' CLUB

COLLEGE GREETINGS

ILLIWOCO

SOCIETIES

W. C. T. U.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION





Styles  
Dikeman  
Gibbons  
Craig

Laughlin  
Lacy  
Weber

Zwermann  
Dugger  
Hall  
Hieronymus

# Students' Association

## EXECUTIVE BOARD

<i>President</i> .....	JENNIE LACY
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	GLADYS LAUGHLIN
<i>Secretary</i> .....	FLORENCE WEBER
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	GRACE STYLES
<i>Sophomore Representative</i> .....	JOSEPHINE CRAIG
<i>Freshman Representative</i> .....	VERNA HIERONYMUS
<i>House Chairman, 1st Semester</i> .....	LESTA GIBBONS
<i>House Chairman, 1st Semester</i> .....	FLO DIKEMAN
<i>House Chairman, 2nd Semester</i> .....	HELEN HALL
<i>House Chairman, 2nd Semester</i> .....	EVA ZWERMANN
<i>House Chairman, 2nd Semester</i> .....	CARMEN DUGGER

Once upon a time in the days which to us seem to be the long ago, there was no Students' Association. The girls of the Woman's College as a group had not yet grown up. They were willing to leave to their teachers the task of keeping their relations with one another moving along in the right channels.

Then Dr. Harker and the teachers of these girls of the long ago saw that their daughters were growing up, and they decided to have them help solve their own problems. A College Council was organized and through this Council the girls helped "advise;" the council then was only an advisory body. When everyone saw that the girls were really young women, capable of taking responsibilities upon themselves, a charter was obtained and the Students' Association began its career.

Today the Association is the center of the college life. Nor does it exist for its own members alone; this year it put on a drive for the Student Friendship Fund. In subscribing to this fund, I. W. C. linked hands with the colleges of the world to send help to the less fortunate students in Europe.

The Students' Association celebrates its eighth birthday next November. We wish it a long and prosperous life.





1st Janitor: "What all dis here rumpus 'bout? All ah don do is tote furn'ture ovah dat gym. Work lak a dwag all day, ah hab!"

2nd Janitor: "Why, man, don' yo' all know what dis rumpus 'bout? Y. W. recept'on t'night fer the new gals t' keep 'em frum cryin' they eyes out wid homesickness. Man, if yo' all kick now, what am yo' goin' do when dem Y. W. gals work yo' fer the res' ob the stunts dey all hab this year? Don' yo' know 'bout dem confrinces dey hab? Man, if yo' don' know 'bout Y. W. yo' all got a pow'ful lot ter learn. an' yo' all goin' learn if yo' works aroun' dis place. 'Member las' wintah when yo' all was out o' work, dat Thanksgivin' basket yo' got? Y. W. gals send yo' dat. 'Member dat party yo' Sambo went ter las' Christmas? Y. W. gals gav' dat. Wherefore yo' all takin' yo' sel' in such a hurry?"

1st Janitor: "Ah's gon' tote ovah all de res' o' dat furn'ture for Y. W."



## Y. W. C. A. CABINET

<i>President</i> .....	JANETTE WALLACE
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	MARGARET FOWLER
<i>Secretary</i> .....	LESTA GIBBONS
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	HILDRETH ASHWOOD
<i>Undergraduate Field Representative</i> .....	DOROTHY REMLEY
<i>Social Service</i> .....	MARIAN DEPEW
<i>Devotions</i> .....	FLORENCE WEBER
<i>World Fellowship</i> .....	HAZEL QUICK
<i>Publicity</i> .....	JOSEPHINE CRAIG
<i>Finance Chairman</i> .....	ALMA BLODGETT
<i>Social Chairman</i> .....	CARMEN DUGGER





Jones

Thompson

Burmeister

Hodgens

Lamb

## Student Volunteers

The Student Volunteer Band is one of the newest organizations in I. W. C. It had its birth in April, 1921, when John Elder, Field Secretary for the movement, made this college his headquarters. While he was here four girls signed declaration cards, and a band leader was chosen. From that time on the Student Volunteers have had a very real place among the College organizations.

A Student Volunteer assumes three very distinctive obligations if she is to realize her purpose,—first, to declare; second, to prepare, and third, to share her life purpose.

A Student Volunteer is first of all an individual Christian Student, who, believing it to be the will of God, has definitely decided to become a foreign missionary. She declares this to be a life purpose by signing the declaration of the Student Volunteer movement for Foreign Missions, and sends her card to the headquarters of the Movement. This in effect is an application for membership.







## Le Cercle Francais

Le Cercle Francais était réorganisé en février pour encourager l'intérêt dans la langue française, dans les coutumes des Français, et dans la France. Tous les élèves dans le département français de ce college sont éligibles.

A la première réunion, on a nommé les officiers pour cette année:

la présidente .....	Marian World
la vice-présidente .....	Lesta Gibbons
la secrétaire .....	Carol Roark
la trésorière .....	Charlotte Rodgers

Il y avait une réunion par mois avec des programmes bien différents. Une fois il y avait des articles sur la musique française et on a rendu quelques sélections de cette musique. Une autre fois on a discuté l'art français, une autre fois la littérature contemporaine.

Par ces réunions tous les membres du Cercle ont reçu une idée beaucoup meilleure des Français et ont gagné un nouvel intérêt dans la langue et dans la littérature française.



## Madrigal Club

Director

MRS. MARGUERITE P. FORREST

<i>President</i> .....	GRACE TERHUNE
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> .....	SUZANNE RINEHART
<i>Librarian</i> .....	CHRISTINE COTNER
<i>Pianist</i> .....	MARGARET MERKER

The Madrigal Club, with Mrs. Marguerite Palmiter Forrest as director, has had a very profitable and enjoyable year of work. On April the tenth it gave its annual concert, which consisted of American, French, Hungarian and Czecho-Slovakian songs. It was very interesting to compare the different types of songs and to note the characteristics of the countries as shown in the music and words.

The club is improving each year and hopes to achieve even more in the future.





## Glee Club

LOUISE MILLER, DIRECTOR  
appears in  
MINSTREL SHOW  
Appearances

I. W. C. Music Hall.....	March 7, 1922
Lyric Theatre, Winchester.....	March 23, 1922
Community Opera House, Greenfield.....	April 3, 1922

### PART ONE

Opening Chorus—Entire Company			
Solo—Nobody.....	Jasper, Mildred Mayer		
Double Quartette—Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield			
Rufus .....	Grace Terhune	Musty .....	Eva G. Hodgins
Sambo .....	Mary Ballow	Rastus .....	Ada Clotfelter
Bones .....	Gwendolynne Schroyer	Jasper .....	Mildred Mayer
Zephyr .....	Fredericka Balch	Smoky .....	Jeanette Wallace
Solo—Somebody, not me.....		Rastus, Ada Clotfelter	
Foolish Questions.....		Zephyr, Fredericka Balch	
Solo—Strut Miss Lizzie.....		Bones, Gwendolynne Schroyer	



Wallace      Clotfelter      Lacy      Dowd      Jordan      Foster      Mayer  
Hodgens      Schroyer      King      Sturgeon      Miller      Farnham      Ballow      Adams      Massie      Terhune

## Double Octette and Soloist of the Glee Club Minstrel

### PART II

Floradora Sextette—Tell Me, Pretty Maiden—Jennie Lacey, Jane Brinton, Helen Massie, Eleanor Dowd, Beulah Farnham, Marguerite Sturgeon

Violin Solo—Audrey King

Maids of Lee—Mary Rose Adams, Audrey Jordan, Gertrude Foster

Duet and Chorus—When a Maid Comes Knocking at your Heart.....

.....Mary Lois Clarke, Audrey King and Glee Club

Reading—Mary Rose Adams

Group of Songs.....Louise Miller

Solo and Chorus—Poh Lil Lamb.....Parks

Dinah—Grace Terhune, Babe—Mildred Waldron



President .....	Marion Munson, '22
Vice-President .....	Avis Murphy, '24
Secretary and Treasurer .....	Hazel Quick, '23

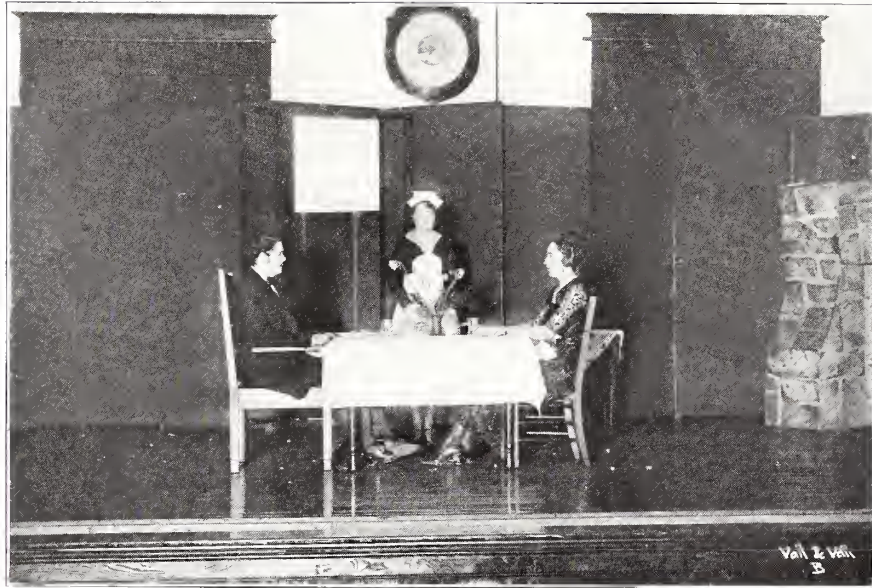
October 27.....	Preliminary Meeting
November 24.....	School Nursing—Miss Ryman
December 15.....	Candy Demonstration
February 23.....	Meat Cutting Demonstration
April 3.....	Spring Revue Given by the Departments of Home Economics and Physical Education
April 27.....	School Lunch Room Management
May 11.....	Canning Demonstration by Advanced Food Classes



## Members of Home Economics Club

Mary Ellison	Avis Murphy	Virginia Gentry
Gladys Laughlin	Bonnie Olson	Belle Irelan
Mildred Mayer	Frances Paulding	Helen Kurtz
Marion Munson	Mary Elizabeth Roark	Audrey Layman
Flo Dikeman	Glenadine Weaver	Dorothy Main
Ada Foster	Myra Whitlock	Hyla Meisenbach
Mary Hall	Mary Wolke	Velda Meadows
Eva Gertrude Hodgens	Anna Ansel	Hazel Moore
Hazel Quick	Ruth Bishop	Harriet McOmber
Dorothy Mac Smith	Frances Brooks	Lois Oliver
Helen Bailey	Verna Burdsall	Helen Read
Margaret Burmeister	Magdalene Burmeister	Gladys Riggs
Dorothy Eilers	Eulalie Carrel	Mary Ellen Rudy
Mary Floreth	Myra Chiles	Irene Seiple
Mary Alice Harper	Agnes Davies	Grace Walker
Lucile Hyrup	Helen Fox	Marian World
Ruth Kennish	Ruth Frey	

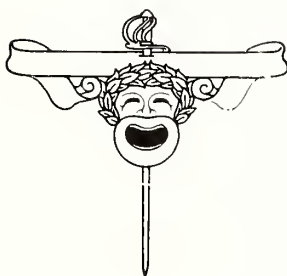




## Dramatic Club

<i>President</i> .....	Dorothy Remley
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Lesta Gibbons
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Lneile Vick
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Jane Muse

"Small, but mighty." Yes, that old saying could easily be applied to the D. C. last fall, for we had only a few members when school opened. Our excellent president of the year before, Dorothy Remley had been re-elected and we expected to do big things. We were still full of pep from "Prunella;"—our May play on the campus; a play of moonlight witchery, gay Pierrots, and pretty Pierrettes. And so, with our old enthusiasm and new director, we presented two one-act plays at Christmas—"The Land of Heart's Desire," a charming Irish drama, and "Where But in America," a clever comedy concerning the servant problem. So well did these "take" that seventeen new members joined our ranks, when given the opportunity to prove their dramatic ability. With our forces so increased, we will present "Pomander Walk" on the campus, June 3.

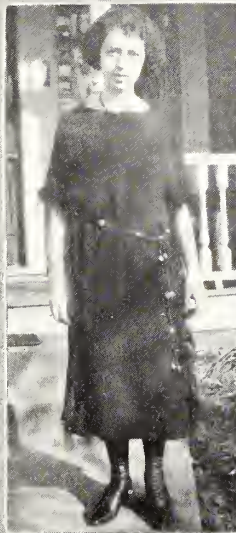






## Indiana Club

The girls of Indiana, although good Hoosiers, realized that in colleges for women, Indiana could not compete with other states. They looked to the North, to the East, to the South, and to the West, but they were not satisfied with the results of their search. Then, closer home, the Illinois Woman's College, with its stately elms, traditions, and ideals, beckoned to them and they answered the call. Now the yellow and the blue is forever enshrined in their hearts, and the inspiration of the college is bringing them to a better and nobler life, unselfish and for the service of others.







Likeman  
Fowler  
Hurt

Johnston  
Clotfelter  
Dell  
Vick

Paulding  
Sanford  
Lacy

# THE COLLEGE GREETINGS

## THE STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i> .....	Ada Clotfelter
<i>Associate Editor</i> .....	Hazel Dell
<i>Assistant Editors</i> .....	{ Margaret Fowler Eleanor Sanford
<i>Art Editor</i> .....	Jennie Laey
<i>Business Manager</i> .....	Lura Hurt
<i>Assistant Business Managers</i> .....	{ Flo Dikeman Frances Paulding
<i>Faculty Adviser</i> .....	Miss Mary Johnston



The College Greetings has not always been the slim little booklet that slides under your door each month. Nor did she have her origin in 1846 with the Illinois Conference Female Academy. But our own Dr. Harker founded the little magazine as a source of information and interest to the friends and alumnae of the college, and then turned the sheet over to the Alumnae Association. The bound volumes in the library—vastly interesting records they are, too—show that Mrs. Martha Oliver Capps, '62, edited the first number on that basis, in January, 1897. Later the publication was turned over to the Senior class, and still later, it became an all-college affair.

As you know it, it is a fearful and wonderful mixture—stories, verse, essays, bulletin and news notes. Since the College is growing and our lines of interest are broadening, we are hoping for another change. Sometime in a roseate and veiled future, we may see our dream come true—a news sheet appearing regularly in our best journalistic style, and the College Greetings a purely literary magazine, with copy that will make Harpers and the Atlantic fairly green with envy. The Greetings Extra, which greets the new girls each September, is a step in that direction—one year it was published alternately with the Greetings till June.

But the College Greetings has a potentially wonderful future—as an expression of student activities and student thinking, as a vital bond between What Has Been, What Is, and What Will Be. And to this end, we wish it well.





McLaughlin  
Dinsmore  
Quick

Tull  
Betcher  
Calhoun  
Pires

Rinehart  
Rink  
Appleby

## THE ILLIWOCO

## THE STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i> .....	Helena Betcher
<i>Associate Editor</i> .....	Elson Pires
<i>Assistant Editor</i> .....	Suzanne Rinehart
<i>Business Manager</i> .....	Eloise Calhoun
<i>Assistant Business Managers</i> .....	{ Eleanor Jane Dinsmore { Hazel Quick
<i>Art Editor</i> .....	Pauline Tull
<i>Assistant Art Editor</i> .....	Miriam Appleby
<i>Joke Editor</i> .....	Josephine Rink
<i>Faculty Adviser</i> .....	Miss McLaughlin

What's that you're saying is out? The latest Vogue or Elite? Really is it,—honestly? Oh, I do want to see one so badly,—and I just have to go to that class! Well, I'm going to look at yours if I am late. What does being late to class matter in my young life, when I can look at the new Illiwoco?

Look here at this: My picture in the Freshman class and in the Glee Club and a snap of me, too! The one in the Glee Club is the best,—I surely must show that to Alan,—he'll be perfectly crazy about it!

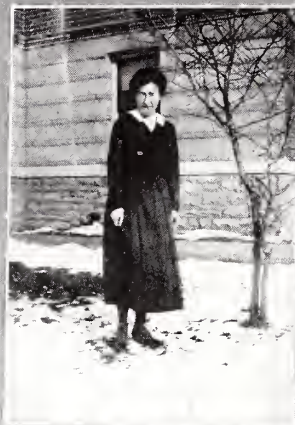
Aren't these the best looking snaps? Now who would ever have thought of getting all these places? Oh, if some one would only give me a kodak I believe I could take some good pictures, too.

Hurry, hurry, turn over the page, please.—I must see some of the jokes! Oh! I knew it, why do I always say the wrong thing? Have they got in that joke about my burglar? Thank heavens, there's one thing that hasn't been put down in cold, unsympathetic print—oh, well, some one has to be different and I'm willing to bear my share of the responsibility in this world.

What's the time? Ten minutes after. Oh, I must hurry. Turn just one more page and then I'll go,—why, it's the last one! I'm going to write my Dad and tell him to advertise in the Illiwoco next year,—aren't those good looking ads?

Well, I'm finally going. I know I can hardly sit through class for I do want to read that book. I can hardly keep my mind off of it, but they say that college is the place to learn to control your mind. so here goes to try.









## Lambda Alpha Mu

"A higher strain" we'll sing  
As far as your tributes ring  
In true, unswerving loyalty  
We give our love to thee.  
There is but one we claim,  
Deserving of most fame;  
Where'er we go, o'er land and sea,  
Our hearts will go with thee.

### Chorus

Here's to our Lambda Alpha Mu,  
Pledge we allegiance still to you.  
Gladly we rank ourselves with thee  
And proudly speak thy name, Lambda Mu,  
Standing for scholarship and fun,  
And true college spirit all in one.  
We hold thy name in reverence true, Lambda Mu,  
Lambda Mu

When in life's later years  
You in our dreams appear  
Or when we hear, as in old days,  
Your name pronounced in praise,  
Our hearts will then, as now,  
Before you humbly bow,  
And ne'er will you forgotten be.  
Our dear Society.





# ILLIWOCO



Hodgens	Bennet	Jones	Merker	Munson	Mayer	Brougher	Sanford	Keys
Gowdy		Tungerich		Bailey		Munson		Cover
Ashwood		Laughlin		Sturgeon		Wallace		Pires
Dean	Remley	Olson	Ellison	Hackett	Hermann	Davis	Styles	Barwise

# Lambda Alpha Mu

Color  
*Lavender*

Flower  
*Pink Kilarney Rose*

## MOTTO

*Paula Maiores Canamus*

## OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	Margaret Merker
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Helen Gowdy
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Marion Munson
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> .....	Harriet Keys
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Mildred Mayer
<i>Critic</i> .....	Dorothy Dean
<i>Sargeant-at-Arms</i> .....	Sarita Jones
<i>Ushers</i> .....	{ Ella Herman { Helen Bailey
<i>Chaplain</i> .....	Harriette Munson

## MEMBERS

### 1922

Margaret Merker	Hildreth Ashwood
Miriam McOmber	Mary Ellison
Marian Munson	Harriet Keys
Estelle Cover	Gladys Laughlin
Dorothy Remley	Mildred Mayer

### 1923

Eva Gertrude Hodgens	Irene Parli
Elson Pires	Janette Wallace
Helen Gowdy	

### 1924

Helen Bailey	Janette Meredith	Eleanor Sanford
Dorothy Dean	Bonnie Olson	Thelma Bennet
Sarita Jones	Alice Barwise	Mary Alice Harper
Ella Hermann	Opal Hackett	Helen Brougher
Harriet Munson	Marguerite Sturgeon	Mildred Waldron



## Theta Sigma

Joyfully turning  
Minds in pleasant paths and right,  
Bright rays of learning  
Gild our way with light.  
Music's magic splendor  
Heaves our bosoms with its swell;  
Strains of music tender  
Charm us with their spell.

### Chorus

Theta Sigma, dear!  
Shed thy light of truth and love.  
Theta Sigma, dear!  
Lead our thoughts above.

Heart to heart leaning  
Each to other comfort yields;  
Hand with hand gleaning  
Sheaves in golden fields.  
Friendships warm requiting  
Each unselfish smile and sigh;  
All our band uniting  
With pure aims, and high.

### Chorus

Theta Sigma, dear!  
Sweet is friendship true and old.  
Theta Sigma, dear!  
Shield us in thy fold.





# ILLIWOCO



Kennish	Dell	Overturf	Lacy	DePew	Lowry	Bain	Terhune
Ballow		Hyrup		Dikeman		Dyarman	Betcher
Chiles		Adams		Brown		Bly	Baldwin
Thompson	Paulding	Rinehart	Jordan	Weller	Clotfelter	Floreth	Foster

## Theta Sigma

COLORS—*Scarlet, Black and Gold*

FLOWER—*Yellow Chrysanthemum*

MOTTO—*To faith, virtue, and to virtue, knowledge*

### OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	MARIAN DEPEW
<i>Vice President</i> .....	HELEN BLY
<i>Recording Secretary</i> .....	LUCILE HYRUP
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> .....	MARY BALLOW
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	BERNADINE LOWRY
<i>Critic</i> .....	HELEN CHILES
<i>Chaplain</i> .....	MARY ROSE ADAMS
<i>Chorister</i> .....	GRACE TERHUNE
<i>Summoner</i> .....	HELEN CHILES
<i>Librarian-Reporter</i> .....	HAZEL DELL
<i>Pages</i> .....	J FRANCES PAULDING
	I EDITH WELLER

### MEMBERS

#### 1922

Mary Rose Adams	Hazel Dell
Velma Bain	Marian DePew
Ada Clotfelter	Jennie Lacy
Helen Chiles	

#### 1923

Helena Betcher	Suzanne Rinehart
Ada Foster	Flo Dikeman
Gertrude Unversaw	

#### 1924

Mary Ballow	Grace Terhune
Edna Baldwin	Edith Weller
Helen Bly	Myra Whitlock
Mary Floreth	Carrie Dyarman
Lucile Hyrup	Audrey Jordan
Ruth Kennish	Margaret Dryden
Bernadine Lowry	Marianne Thompson
Frances Paulding	Lucy Marko

## Belles Lettres

Dear old Belles Lettres, we hail thee today;  
In fealty pledge we anew—  
With voices uplifted thy praises we sing,  
Our hearts for thee e'er throbbing true.

### Chorus

Ever shall we, all the years through  
In thought, act, and word to Belles Lettres be true,  
Hail! Hail! to our emblem, the shield that inspires,  
With courage and daring to do.

Here pearls of wisdom we've honestly sought,  
In friendship's endearing commune.  
Through gloomy hours of November's dark days,  
As 'neath the fair blue skies of June.

Though we be scattered in far distant lands,  
Divided by deep rolling seas,  
In fondest remembrance our hearts will e'er turn,  
To Belles Lettres and I. W. C.







Paschall

Meadows  
Dugger

Kriege

Wright  
Anderson  
Blodgett  
Schlosser  
Eilers  
SeyboldHarrison  
Quick  
Vick  
Garvey  
Muse  
DinsmoreMurphy  
Tull  
Hamilton  
Roark  
Hurt  
RandallWeber  
Poole  
Fowler  
Purl

## Belles Lettres

COLOR—Yellow

FLOWER—Yellow Rose

MOTTO—*Hic Vitae Activae Preparamus*

### OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	LENORA KRIEGE
<i>Vice President</i> .....	ELEANOR JANE DINSMORE
<i>Recording Secretary</i> .....	JULIA MAE HARRISON
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> .....	AVIS MURPHY
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	CARMEN DUGGER
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	MARGARET HAMILTON
<i>Librarian</i> .....	KATHERINE RANDLE
<i>Chaplain</i> .....	ESTHER PURL
<i>Chorister</i> .....	CARMEN DUGGER
<i>Critic</i> .....	FLORENCE WEBER
<i>Pages</i> .....	} MARY ELIZABETH ROARK } LUCILE VICK

### MEMBERS

1922

Carmen Dugger	Helen Paschall
Lura Hurt	Jane Muse
Helen Poole	Margaret Hamilton

1923

Margaret Fowler	Florence Weber
Alma Blodgett	Ruth Webb
Hazel Quick	Ruth Wright
Eleanor Jane Dinsmore	Irene Schlosser
Pauline Tull	Mrs. Filsen

Mrs. Wackerle

1924

LeNora Kriege	Andrey King
Julia Mae Harrison	Dorothy Eilers
Lucile Vick	Velda Meadows
Esther Purl	Avis Murphy
Marjorie Garvey	Mary Elizabeth Roark
Luro Anderson	Helen Seybold

Katherine Randle

Members in the Faculty

Miss Miller	Miss Johnston
Miss Powell	

1923

Eighty-one



## Phi Nu

There comes to our heart the meaning,  
As we gather here once more,  
Of those dear old ties that bind us  
To those who have gone before.

### REFRAIN:

Phi Nu, thou dear Phi Nu,  
Our love we give to thee  
And we never will forget thee  
'Till we lay us down and dee.

Let us gather of the brightness,  
While morn' shines on our way,  
That we may scatter sunshine  
Where darkness hides the day.

E'er the ivy we'll be wearing,  
And our hearts they will be true  
To the emblem and its meaning  
For the sake of old Phi Nu.

Our band shall ne'er be broken,  
Though severed by land and sea,  
For a thread of blue will join us,  
E'en to eternity.





Smith	Mershon	Craig	Gibbons	McCalman	Zwermann
Byland	Rink	Calhoun	Massie	Hall	
Burmeister	Yant	Myers	Smith	Wolke	Hall
		Weaver			



# Phi Nu

COLORS—*Blue and Black*

FLOWER—*Red Rose*

MOTTO—*Lucem Colligentes Ut Emmittamus*

## OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	VERNA MERSHON
<i>Vice President</i> .....	HELEN MASSIE
<i>Secretary</i> .....	ELOISE CALHOUN
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	DOROTHY MAE SMITH
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> .....	EVA ZWERMANN
<i>Chaplain</i> .....	MARGARET BURMEISTER
<i>Critic</i> .....	JOSEPHINE CRAIG
<i>Chorister</i> .....	HELEN BYLAND

## MEMBERS

1923

Eloise Calhoun	Dorothy Mae Smith
Josephine Rink	Helen Massie
Fae Holder	Marv Hall
Harriet Hall	

1924

Verna Mershon	Mildred Homrighaus
Lucile Kirby	Elizabeth Myers
Olga Oliver	Helen McCalman
Lesta Gibbons	Lucile Johnson
Mary Wolke	Katherine Smith
Glenadine Weaver	Mary Lois Clark
Margaret Burmeister	Catherine Yanseck
Faye Fullerton	Helen Byland

Eva Zwermann

1923

Eighty-five



Morris  
Vice President



Logan  
President



Morgan  
Secretary



Dieman  
Sergeant at arms



Pires  
Treasurer

## Alpha Pi Delta

COLORS—*Pea Green and Lavender*

FLOWER—*Sweet Pea*

MOTTO—*Continually learning many things*

Alpha Pi Delta needs no introduction; neither do the reasons for its existence, its motives, nor its ideals need be set forth. They are all well known. This fact is only one of the indications of its success, for it will have to be admitted,—this year's Freshman society *is* a success. No one who has ever attended a meeting could leave without being aware of it. No one who has ever witnessed that pep could question it. And, too, there can be no doubt but that Alpha Pi Delta will be a permanent institution of the school in the years to come and a prerequisite to membership in upper class societies.

Embodying good times with democracy, good fellowship, class spirit, and school loyalty, Alpha Pi Delta begins her career and greets you now.



# W.C.T.U.

Posy  
Hue  
Sentiment  
Token

Cauliflower. —  
Emerald.  
Say it with ONIONS.  
Irish Jazz-bo.

Verna Mershon	Ada Clotzelter
Lesta Gibbons	Jennie Lacy
Janette Wallace	LeNore Kriege
Harriet Keys	Irene Schlosser





## ENDOWMENT

Thou too sail on, Endowment Ship,  
Sail out upon thy maiden trip;  
On rolling seas,  
In stormy gale,  
We pray thy sails may never dip.

The Endowment Ship was formally launched on the evening of April 5. It made an impressive picture as it slowly swung down the Ways of Hope into Deficit Bay and out upon its Campaign Voyage. On the evening of its launching it was carried out at High Tide of Student Zeal and in a Wave of Ecstasy was borne out on Solicitous Sea. On the first day out, however, it met with a Storm of Enthusiasm and was Hailed with Delight. This, instead of impeding its progress as would have been the case in most storms, only tended to fill its sails with the Winds of Progress, and it soon reached the Friendly Islands.

On the Sabbath the good ship lay over at the Straits of Sunda, in order to give the crew and passengers a little time of respite. In leaving Tyme Harbor it went aground on the SHOALS OF PROCRASTINATION, but successfully held its own against the low TIDE of INDIFFERENCE, and was carried over this barrier by the incoming TIDE of HOPE. In due time it reached the LAND of MILLIONS of DOLLARS, tarried there a short time, took on as much of the total cargo as it was thought safe to transport in such uncertain weather, and started on its return voyage which was accomplished in record time considering the season. A REIGN of JOY followed immediately upon its arrival at the home port.

The good ship Endowment came home,  
From o'er the bounding main,  
Stopped a while to unload her wealth,  
And then was off again.

The Endowment has been chartered for several more voyages, all to the LAND of MILLIONS of DOLLARS, some to be by the route of STUDENTS and FACULTY and some via ALUMNAE and FRIENDS. The Endowment has proved herself a very seaworthy craft, and we are confident that all our faith in her ability to bring back the treasure to us is not misplaced.



Leota Shank



Dean

Hamilton  
Boyd  
Craig

Murphy



## Athletic Association

### THE ATHLETIC BOARD

<i>President</i> .....	MARGARET HAMILTON
<i>Vice President</i> .....	DOROTHY DEAN
<i>Secretary</i> .....	AVIS MURPHY
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	JOSEPHINE CRAIG
<i>Senior Representative</i> .....	JANE MUSE
<i>Junior Representative</i> .....	ELEANOR JANE DINSMORE
<i>Sophomore Representative</i> .....	HARIETTE MUNSON
<i>Freshman Representative</i> .....	MARTHA LOGAN
<i>Faculty Advisor</i> .....	MISS NELLIE BOYD

### ATHLETIC HONORS

#### 1920-1921

Basket Ball Shield .....	Class of 1923
Hockey .....	Class of 1923
Tennis Cup .....	Veriel Black, '21
Seal Ring .....	Margaret Hamilton
Seals .....	{ Hildreth Ashwood
	{ Mary Ellison
	{ Margaret Hamilton

#### 1921-1922

Hockey .....	Class of 1922
Basket Ball .....	Class of 1925









## Spring Fever

The lesson was on Russia—  
Great land and interesting—  
But the sun shone bright on the out of doors  
And I heard a cardinal sing.

“W’cheer! W’cheer! W’cheer!  
Don’t you know the Spring is here?  
Forget about your history books.”  
He sang out loud and clear.

But the wealth of Russia had right of way,  
And to it I paid attention,  
But of the things I really heard  
The song is all I’d mention.

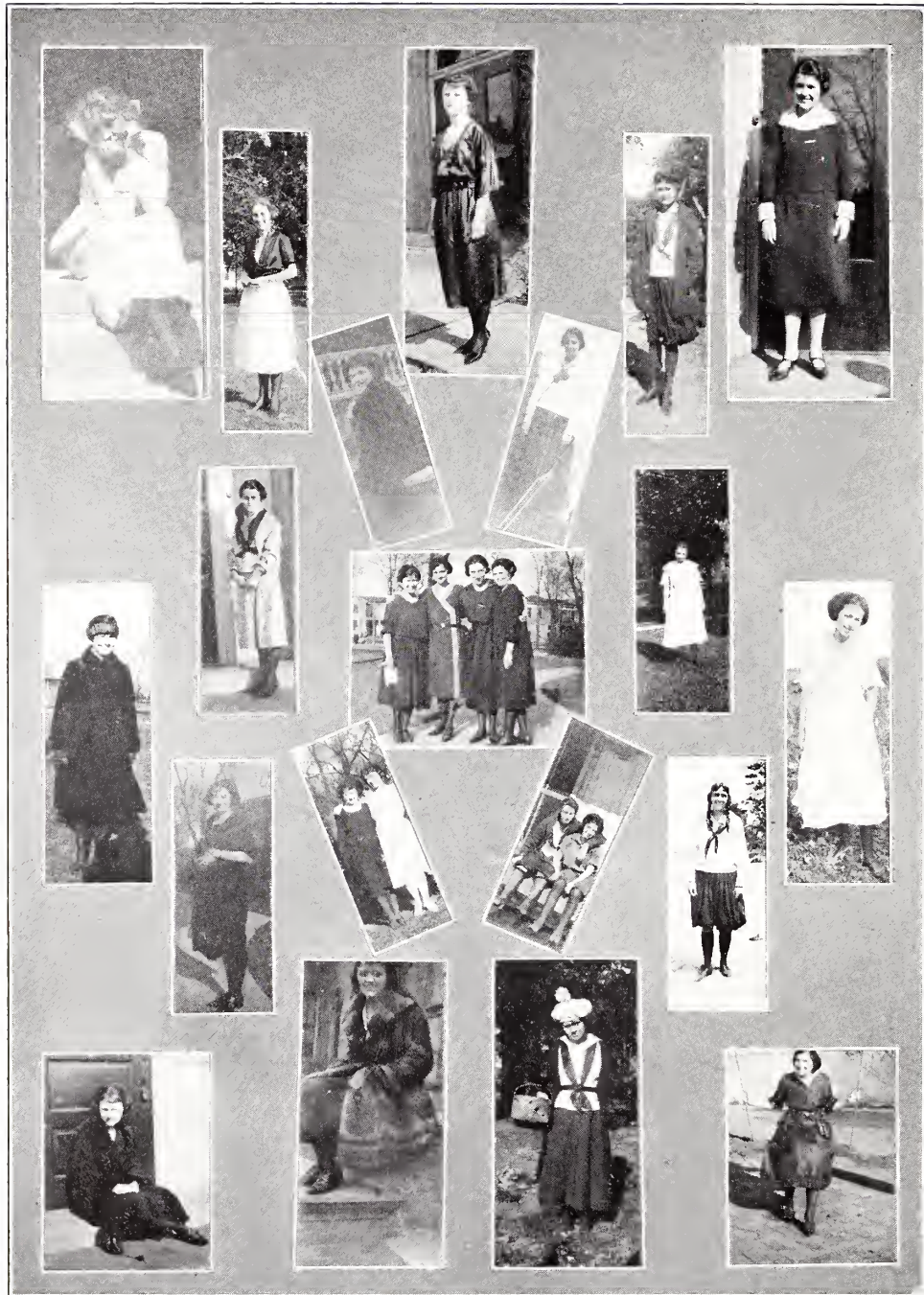
## “Birds of the Flashing Feather”

Oh, Bird of the flashing feather  
And trill so loud and long,  
Do you know that the drabbest birdling  
Has the sweetest little song?

Oh, Bird with the wings of scarlet,  
That blaze as you wheel and dart,  
Do you know that the dullest birdling  
Has the happiest little heart.

## My Garden

A garden lieth in my heart,  
A quiet garden,  
In the morning;  
And in it bloometh little flowers,  
Old-fashioned flowers,  
Of happy colors.  
Shadows and sunlight on the leaves  
Of beautiful and kindly trees,  
And quiet spaces.  
In it there is no living thing,  
Except a pair of birds that sing,  
A bumble-bee,  
A cricket.  
And a cool calm abideth here,  
In the sweet air  
Of the morning;  
For Work, and Pain, and Care, and Sin,  
May strive in vain to enter in.  
The name of it is Peace.



THE SENIOR STATE.



ILLIWOCO

# *Vanity Fair*

1923

Ninety-seven



1923

Ninety-eight









1923

One Hundred





1923

One Hundred One





1923

One Hundred Two



## The Cynic

Saturday night! The head of the table folded her napkin, the group of diners waited with almost evident impatience while Helen gulped down a last sip of water, and then they trotted briskly out of the dormitory dining room. In the front hall were many groups debating the best way of using the few precious hours left of Saturday,—a week of work behind, the week of work ahead separated by the comfortable distance of one day,—and a spring intoxicant in the air.

Helen, Marg, and Esther drifted together very naturally. Over two years of "working and thinking, serving and sinning" together had given them a feeling of blood kinship. They corrected each other's faults, wore each other's clothes, and delighted in each other's successes.

Pert little Esther, with the light voice, was "thinking out loud," as usual. "How does it happen that there isn't a party or recital tonight? Must be a mistake of the date committee. What shall we do? I'm perfectly aware that there's a history notebook in my desk that is howling for attention, but—"

Then "good old" Marg, (that tells you what kind of a girl she is,) interrupted, "It's against my principles to study on Saturday night or to allow any of my friends to. Shall we be gloriously lazy and wash our hair and read something silly, or shall we give a party,—just a lettuce and salad dressing spread with maybe a chocolate roll, provided that someone in the family has some cash."

Suddenly Helen grasped their hands and pulled them down the corridor towards the library, nearly upsetting a group of faculty gathered in front of their mail box, which serves them for a social center as the post office serves the small town, and whose student counterpart is the package list.

"Come on, I see Marion looking for me; she wants a committee meeting, and I won't bother with nominations tonight. Besides, here's an idea! Let's forget, just tonight that we ever came to college,—that we ever went to high school. We'll get some all-day suckers, and some fairy tales out of the library, and maybe cut out paper dolls, or play house. Let's be—*kids!*"

When Helen had an inspiration she had it hard, but it usually died in early youth. Being juvenile was great fun—for an hour. Then Helen, looking up from the pages of "Alice in Wonderland," caught Marg consuming a Hershey instead of the prescribed sucker, while Esther had stopped searching a magazine for paper dolls and was reading one of its stories with a most sophisticated air. Helen threw down "Alice" hopelessly.

"It's no use. We're grown up past redemption. I thought I'd be able to recall my old thrill at the Cheshire Cat and the White Rabbit. But first I found myself determining the psychology of the appeal to the impossible as found in fairy tales, and then analyzing the style. We're over-educated. We can't get joy from simple things."

She sighed impressively, and gazed mournfully out of the window. "I believe the materialists must be right. They say, you know that everything is only Physics and Chemistry. I didn't want to think so. I thought that there were little spiritual things that couldn't be analyzed, things like the charm of 'Alice in Wonderland,' But tonight has proved that even that has fled with my youth." She faced them dramatically. "But now I know that everything can be traced to little molecules and atoms and—those things inside of atoms—you know—electives, no, electrons. Why, Esther, do you know why I love you? Because through the process of natural selection the race has acquired the instinct to love those who love them, and the instinct works on brain paths, and—and—the brain paths are made up of little cells, and the cells are made up of molecules and the molecules are made up of atoms and the atoms—"

"Helen!" shrieked Esther. "I think you are horrid! To analyze love!"

"Therefore," went on Helen, triumphantly, "it's Physics and Chemistry that makes me love you. Don't get excited. We must face facts bravely. That's education. Once I was afraid to take psychology because I didn't want to believe that dogs didn't have souls. And now—" she gave a blase little shrug—"Do people have souls?"

"Helen!" gasped poor, shocked Esther, "I think you are *heathenish!*"

"No, I'm just scientific," she replied. "Scientific and disallusioned. Maybe a bit—hardened."

A snicker from Marg who had been listening calmly. Helen looked offended. "I'm going to take this book back to the library," she announced, picking up the abandoned "Alice." "I'll get some brain food instead."

As the door closed Esther plumped herself face downward on the bed. "O, dear," she wailed, "It's all right for you to laugh. You don't have to room with her. She crammed for exams in Psych., Biology, and Chem., all at the same time. That accounts for it. But think of having everything you think and feel traced back to hydrogen and oxygen and such junk, till you feel like the Clock-work Man of Oz! Marg, is she losing her mind as well as her soul?"

"Now, Es," said wise Marg, calmly, "you let me manage this; I've been through the rank materialist stage myself, and know a sure cure. She'll be back in a few minutes with a volume of pessimistic poetry and treat us with knowing condescension. She isn't crazy. She's just looking at life cross-eyed. I know my remedy will work."

The room was vacant when Helen returned, with a modern novel of the realistic school. She assumed a literary pose and plunged into the murky depths of the novel.

The door opened softly and Marg's head appeared. Her beaming smile faded as she saw Helen. "Pardon; I was looking for Es. There's some devilment on foot,—but you wouldn't be interested."

"What? Tell me, please!" insisted the strangely eager cynic.



"Wouldn't bore you with it," Marg replied. "Something quite childish. You're entirely too sophisticated to enjoy it. And your marvelous powers of analysis would soon dissect the situation into such simple elements that it wouldn't be any fun. You don't know where Es is? Goodbye."

"Wait a minute!" called Helen. "I'll help you find her."

A few minutes later, down in the dark dining hall, queer shapes were crawling about on the floor under the tables. Stifled chuckles, bumped heads, and whispers of "Give me the string." When the shapes disappeared every chair in the dining hall was firmly tied to the leg of a table.

Homeward bound at midnight, they dodged from corridor to corridor, never missing a squeaky board, and finally fell into the room with a burst of giggles. They held their sides and chuckled and rocked with glee.

Marge suddenly put on a long face. "Helen," she said solemnly, "why are you mirthful? Please analyze. Why do you grin? Physies or Chemistry, or both?"

"Golly, I don't know," chuckled Helen. "Guess I'm just happy."

#### ENDOWMENT

Every year when spring rolls 'round,  
Endowment comes to call.  
And when she goes she takes with her  
Our hat and suit for fall.

We sometimes think her an expensive guest,  
And rather hard on us.  
But when we think of what she brings  
We cannot make a fuss.

New labs in science hall so grand,  
A library filled with books,  
Cinnamon rolls for breakfast  
And new menus for the cooks!



FACULTY EXPRESSIONS



## Faculty Expressions

Austin.....	"Now, girls——"
Knopf.....	"Perfectly luscious color"
Neville.....	"That is lovely!"
Anderson.....	"Use your head!"
Johnston.....	"You silly geese! 'Taint so!"
McLaughlin .....	"For instance——"
Alexander.....	"I expected better work from a class of Juniors and Seniors"
Lobdell.....	"And so we get that"
Weber.....	"Oh, Pshaw!"
Weber.....	"Get the phase?—The facts are—in Oregon"
Whitmer .....	"Goodness Gracious!"
Abbott.....	"That's Durham Cathedral"
Wakely .....	"Not a-tall"
Powell.....	"We're pleased to call—the goodly company—wholly delightful"
Swanson .....	"Isn't that ripping!"
Boyd .....	"Why, Margaret!"
Boyd .....	"——from St. Louis"
Crum.....	"Well, how many are going to win a medal today?"
Davis .....	"Dramatic pause——"
Cooper.....	"O, yes, they have sororities there!"
Sanders .....	"Yes <i>ma'am!</i> "
Merriman .....	"Oh <i>dear!</i> "
Tickle.....	"Well, my dear!"
Pearson.....	"I very seldom ever rarely"
Hopper .....	"Now, you see——"
Miller .....	"Well, my lands!"
Forrest.....	"Now, children——"
Mehus .....	"Good grief!"
Horsbrugh .....	"Absolutely!"
Kirby .....	"Uh-huh!"
Sapio .....	_____



Man Behind the Cowbell



Breakfast  
Chapel



Mail



Gym.



Study



Recreation



Lights Out.

A COLLEGE DAY





THE IRISH

## The Musings of Ella

"There! Somebody banged my door again. It was that Freshman who always dashes to her room after chapel to get her mail. At least that is what I think she goes after, for she is always dashing back and poking the button on fourth in a vigorous manner and when I get to her floor, she bounces in with a letter in her hand. Now I don't like to accuse people falsely, that being against my principles, but that girl is surely intercepting her brother's letters, for she (being a girl) would not be likely to receive mail addressed to 'Freddie.' would she? However, I haven't mentioned it to the dean, that also being against my principles."

"It is an interesting psychological study (apologies to Mrs. Weber) to note how in four years of the broadening and cultural atmosphere of the Woman's College some of these Freshmen develop into something resembling civilized mortals. Just yesterday a Freshman was in a dreadful hurry to get to her room, and wanted me to come immediately to take her up. At the time I was engaged in accommodating two faculty members, who were discussing affairs of state, and I don't consider it diplomatic to leave a faculty member at any time. Well, the Freshman poked and poked and called up in a voice anything but soft and low. "*Close the door!*" Now, in spite of the fact that I am only an elevator I have a keen sense of humor, and it was too funny for words to see the eyes of that Freshman enlarge when I presented Miss Johnson to view. She'll be more patient after this, or walk."

"I would like to suggest to some of these girls that they *should* take more exercise,—a splendid way to avert—er—extreme plumpness is to climb three or four flights of stairs. I am greatly overworked anyway. These girls have no consideration for a tired soul and when I am forced, in the intelligent care of my health, to refuse to perform my duty for a short time, they do not always show the Christian spirit, and sometimes make pointed remarks concerning my usefulness. They ought to remember that an elevator is only human, but then,—I don't complain!"

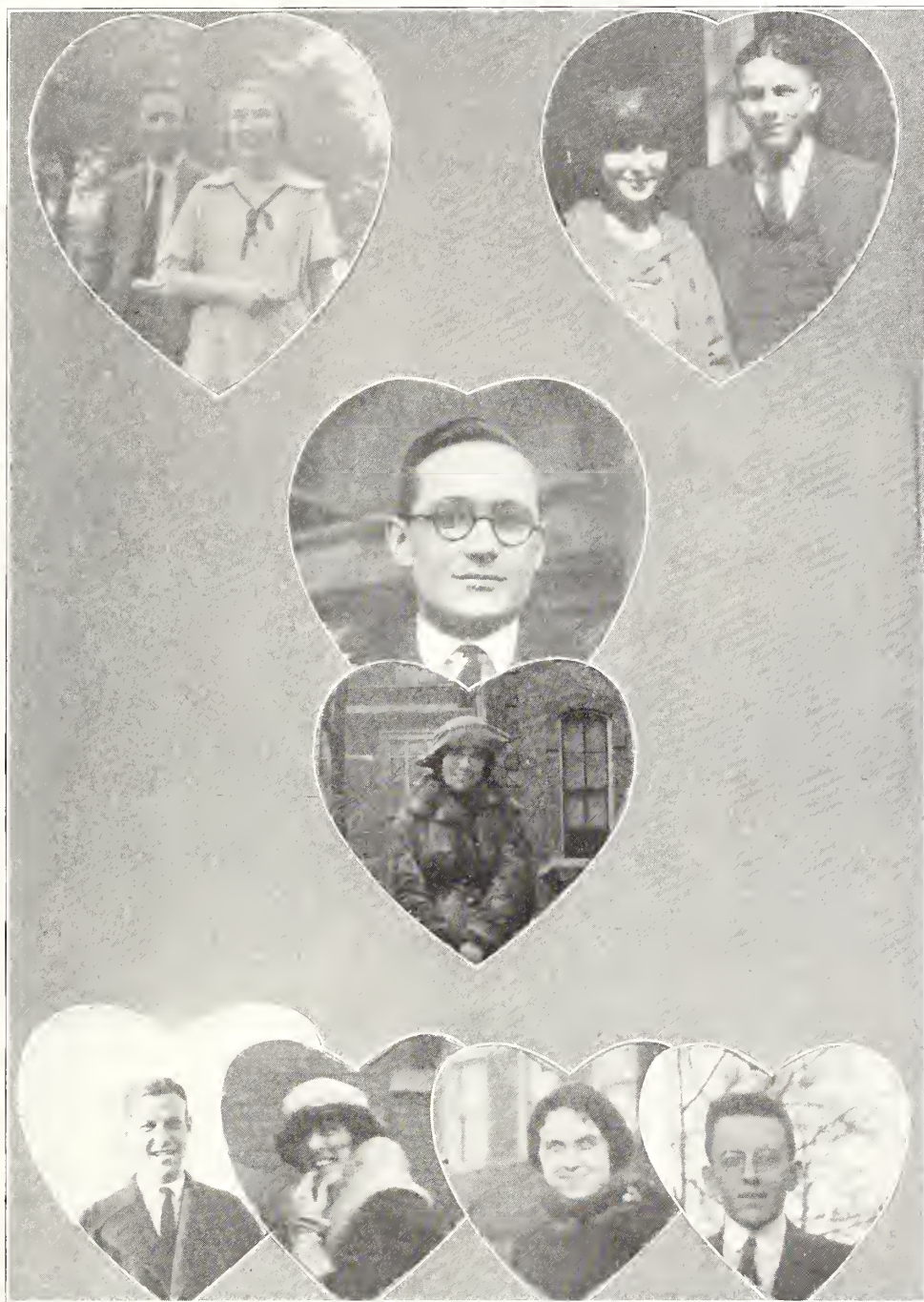
"The Sophomores, too, come in for their share of cultural development. I've noticed that they show more respect for their elders than do the Freshmen, which is always a commendable trait in the youthful."

"Woodson must have come from a large family. Several of his brothers were visiting the college on March seventh. One of them seemed especially enthusiastic about the walking ability of a certain Miss Lizzie. They were all musical, too—no wonder Woodson shines at recitals!"

"I suppose it would be too much to expect the Seniors ever to walk. I have made many extra trips for them, but I want to do all I can to help Dr. Harker get these girls educated. It's a dreadful responsibility! I rejoice a hundred times a day that I live in a state of single blessedness,—the care of so large a family sooner or later would lead to my removal and at my age I wouldn't care to change my occupation."

"O, yes, and I must say a word for the Juniors! They're a hard working class  
(Continued on page 155.)





ENGAGED PLEASE!

## Matanzas

Dorothy, ex '22, and Grace, ex '23, were sitting opposite each other in an attractive tea room on the Pacific Coast, simply beaming at each other. Dorothy had had one season of successfully directing plays and was starting out on another. Grace was traveling with a student company from the New England Conservatory of Music, which was giving a series of concerts over the United States, and of course each was delighted to find that they were to be in the same city together. Both had been talking as fast as possible when suddenly Grace stopped with a distressed look on her face. "Why, Grace Elizabeth Styles," said Dorothy, "whatever has happened? Did one of your precious fingers come out of joint, or what?"

"Dorothy, do you know that this very minute the Juniors and Seniors are at Matanzas! Oh, do you remember the superglobschlopsus time we had the year we were there together? It makes my legs ache now to think of all the weary miles (it must have been ten, I'm sure) that some of us walked to get the key to our cottage, only to find when we got back that they had unceremoniously pried open a window. Do you remember that you Seniors came up to see us that night (we had a piano, too,) and how we just knew that you were planning to raid the kitchen, so two or three of us trembling Juniors kept watch in the dark kitchen all evening,—and then, even when you did go home we hadn't seen Margie or Marion, so we felt sure they were up to something. We searched the whole cottage from attic to basement (hypothetically speaking). My, we almost never got to bed, and then every time we heard a squeak we were sure that the Seniors had come."

"Well," broke in Dorothy, "we certainly had a spooky time going home through absolutely pitch black woods. Why, just think if any of us had strayed from the narrow path (it wasn't straight either) we never would have been found until daylight. You remember we were at Marion's cottage and it sure was grand. Remember that wonderful swing that goes way out over the water? Thrills, thrills, and more thrills!!! And Sunday morning and the chickens? Didn't we have a time killing them? I never will forget how certain Juniors performed the ceremony. My but we did have gorgeous eats."

"Well, I'd just like to know if you Seniors did have enough eats? You were always trailing up our way about meal time, and my, you'd eat like bears. Oh well, never mind, we know you had puff balls anyway. Some of you came up Sunday afternoon to invite us up in the evening and we happened to have some fire at the time, so we wanted to make our candy,—you know what a dreadful time we had getting enough dry wood to keep the fire going for more than five minutes at a time. Well, some of us religiously and industriously entertained you on the porch while some of the others were making the best chocolate fudge you didn't ever eat with maraschino cherries and everything in it. We were almost too full to eat any when we got back from your peachy marshmallow roast. Didn't we have a good time down there in that fine little nook? We all held hands coming back and we thought sure we had passed up our cottage, it took so long to get to it.

Continued on Page 151



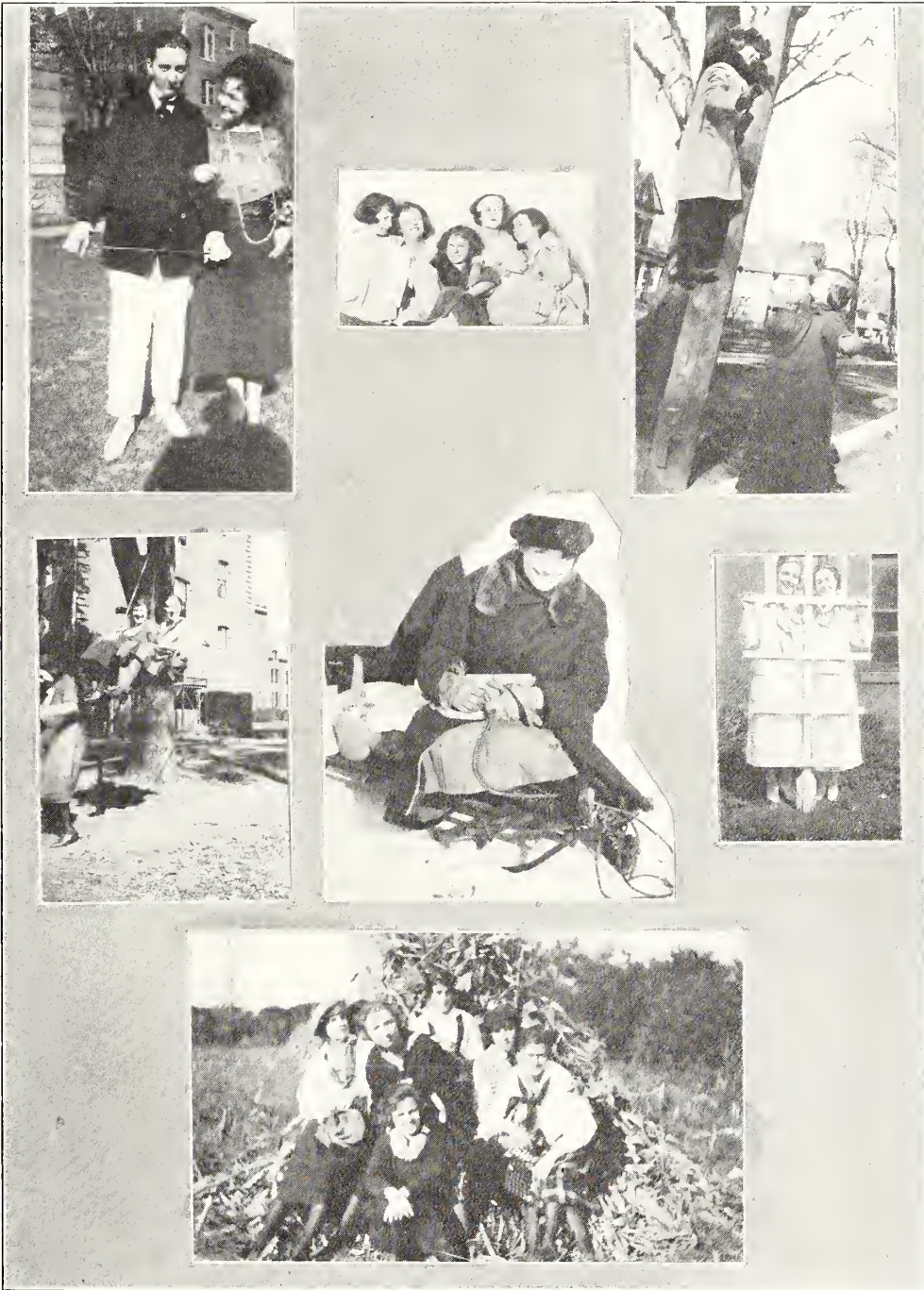




BASKET BALL CHAMPIONS—1920-1921  
Class of 1923

CHAMPIONS—1921-1922  
Class of 1925





## What's the Use?

My little sister, who is a Freshman, persuaded me to follow a schedule,—at least I promised to make one out. She assured me of their wonderful value in saving time, energy, and thought, and since one of my purposes in coming to college was to find the easiest way to do things, I was for it.

On Monday night, said Freshman called upon me, having little faith in my Junior ability to accomplish anything alone, and together we made out a schedule. It was a beautiful piece of work. I really wanted to frame it and send it home so that the folks could hang it in the parlor to show callers what I was learning at college. However, I restrained myself from this exhibition of pride in my own achievement and more modestly decided to follow it.

The seven-thirty bell rang just then, and I started in to study History (per schedule). I was just becoming interested when there was a knock at the door. I'd forgotten to put out an engaged sign. I hastily inserted in my schedule, "Hang out 'do not disturb' sign before beginning to study," and then called "Come." The next half hour was spent in entertaining friends, who seemed to think there was something radically wrong with me when I told them that I had to study. Thirty minutes gone already. If I spent two hours on History it would be ten o'clock, and I had to be in bed then. When was I to brush my teeth and bid my friends good-night? At nine o'clock there came an apologetic tap.

"I'm sorry to walk over your sign, but we just have to have a meeting."

"It isn't scheduled," I replied, "I haven't time for it."

But finally, when she insisted that they had to have me, I abandoned my schedule and went.—one does love to be indispensable.

The meeting was over at 9:15, but I decided to go to bed at ten as I had planned, and alas for my good intention to arise at 6:20; I was oblivious to the world until my roommate awoke me at 7:10. I got down to breakfast with a fraction of a minute to spare. The first two hours were supposed to be devoted to Latin, but since I had spent no time on education, and needed the eleven-thirty hour for History, I glanced over my lesson then, thus crowding poor Pliny some, but then, he's used to it. From ten thirty to eleven thirty I followed my schedule.—I had a class. After that I was becoming proud of my following ability when I happened to look out of the window. One of those wonderful days of spring's advance guard greeted me, and I fell. How did I know when I made out my schedule that it was going to be such a wonderful day?

I got back just in time for lunch, and my plan to study my History in the ten minutes before one-fifteen was thwarted by my inability to find my book. Hoping that my guardian angel would protect me, I entered the History room bravely. Affairs proceeded beautifully for me, the end of the hour approached, and I was just congratulating myself upon the inconspicuousness of my ignorance when—

"Name the rivers emptying into the Black Sea," came straight at me. I took a chance: "The Danube and the—er—ah—Amazon."

The class grinned aloud, and, was I mistaken or was there a ghost of a smile upon Miss Lobdell's face? I realized that I had missed the mark, but I was relieved when she passed on to the next girl.

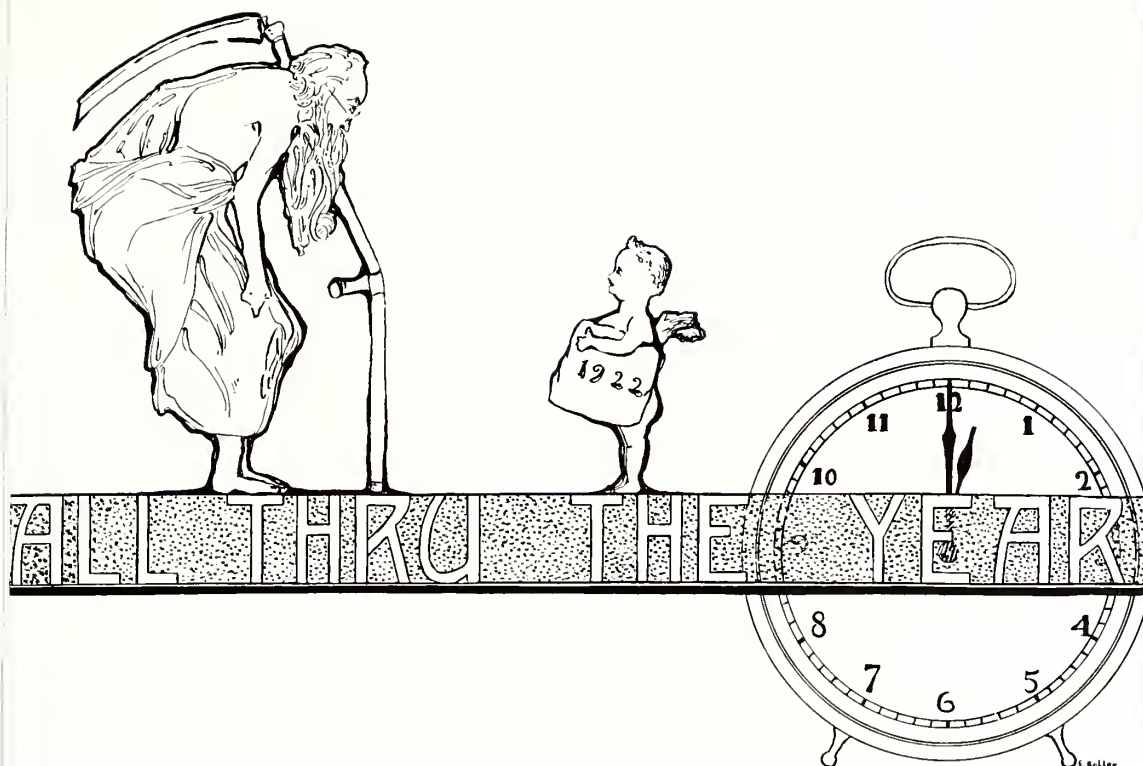
When the bell rang my hurried dash for the door was intercepted by

"Susan, may I see you a minute?"

I obeyed in fear and trembling.

"I'm afraid you are not spending enough time on your History. Have you ever tried following a schedule?"





## SEPTEMBER

19. The avalanche of trunks and girls begins.
20. Y. W. girls meet trains and try to pick out the new students from traveling vaudeville troupes and delegates to the Emancipated Woman's Convention. In most cases they succeed,—baggage stickers help! Popular literature—Little Brown Book and Greetings Extra.
20. First classes.  
First chapel.
23. First regular tables in dining room.  
First appearance of roast beef.
24. Y. W. C. A. reception.  
Many first impressions are made, but some are upset by further acquaintance. For instance, some thought Lura Hurt was a sweet and simple soul, until she danced the jig at the Hallowe'en party.
25. Janette led the first "Y" meeting very sweetly.
26. Athletic hike to Nichols. Beans—wieners—everybody happy! Curtain hanging takes its yearly toll of banged thumbs.
27. Mysterious white enevoleps slide under doors.
28. Church socials—all on the same night. It is necessary to decide my denomination at once! Heads, Methodist, tails, Presbyterian.

## OCTOBER

1. Juniors and Seniors depart for an annex of heaven called Matanzas. The Sophomores show the Freshmen that an "all-girls" dance is fun.



10. School picnic on Campus. Fine hiking weather. Rumor whispers that certain students also found it good for plowing.

12. Our Cora Cherry, class of '21, becomes Mrs. Norton Warren. Bridal cake under many I. W. C. pillows.
14. Strange fumes of sulphur. Is the lid off Hades?
17. Professor Pearson's organ recital is a worthy beginning for a year of fine music.
18. Volume of the Illiwoco comes to life in Chapel.
20. Miss Boyd's table invites its neighbors to the gym.
21. The faculty jaunt out to Nichols' for a picnic and we have a—er—jovial time at dinner. O "What would Tennes-see" if she had been there?
22. Miss Greetings makes her debut.
23. Recognition service at Y. W. C. A. Roses!
24. Miss Davis reads "King Rene's Daughter."
27. Mr. Metcalf demonstrates the use of Pyrene by spraying the night watchman.



28. Freshmen raid the library for debate material. They immerse themselves in weighty volumes.
29. We get "all stuck up" pulling taffy in gym.
31. Hilarious, hectic, harum-scarum Hallow-e'en. Les and Verna as little red devils win the subscription to Whiz Bang for the funniest costumes. Helen Massie, the Red Poppy girl, is chosen as the prettiest. Seniors give prize stunt. Broke my tooth on apple taffy.



## NOVEMBER

2. Dr. Richardson speaks on Africa. They use sulphur there!
3. An old man (Vick) dreams about the Y. W. budget. Jo with the aid of a pillow makes a most convincing Santa.
4. Y. W. C. A. budget drive Over the Top. "Praise the Lord we've got 'em,—them dollars." Illinois College makes a brave attempt to visit us in snake dance formation. They are baffled by Mrs. Moore's apron and Dr. Harker's strong right hand.
8. Dr. Landrith makes us yell for "per-r-r-sistence!"—Even the laziest of us.
10. Miss Ryman, city nurse, talks at Home Ec. Club meeting. Evidently they have other activities besides table parties.



11. Rain, rain, stay if you will!  
I. W. C. goes marching still,  
To rejoice in the downfall  
Of Kaiser Bill.
12. Junior - Freshman Backward party. Rather informal, I would say. First showing of the film "The Plight of Patricia."
13. World Fellowship Week. That's so, there is a good deal of the world outside school.

14. Miss Kirby and Miss Miller give us a most enjoyable recital.
16. Miss Lobby's classes assemble on the floor of her room. We are sorry about her accident, but we don't mind the novel seating arrangement.  
We are prefacing corn-flakes with Africa, China and Disarmament this week.
19. Senior-Soph. Wasn't invited, but the music was toe-twitching.
21. Y. W. waffle breakfast. Right this way, ladies and gents! Get 'em hot. Maurice Dumesnil, French pianist, gives us an evening to remember.
22. Hockey comes into its own. Seniors beat the Sophs and the Juniors get a hard-fought game from the Freshmen. All dope upset!



24. Interest divided between turkey, hockey, and "old girls." The Seniors beat the Juniors, therefore are hockey champs, and they are as surprised as the rest of us.  
Thanksgiving banquet with its good fellowship, and Dr. Harker beaming upon us like a proud father.
25. Seniors first appear in caps and gowns. And it isn't funny!
26. Society affairs for the "old girls" to whom the week-end is dedicated.

28. Devereux Players.

29-30. Dr. Nordfelt starts her health lectures. The corner grocery experiences a run on lettuce.

## DECEMBER

3. Alpha Pi Delts have a banquet in the gym, at which there are no alumnae members present.
5. Miss Horsbrugh and Miss Sapio in one of their 'different' recitals. Many shopped early at the Jap bazaar.
9. Heard anywhere these days: "Tell me which one of these to have published for the Illiwoco. Now this makes me look too fat, but in this my hair is better. And I really don't look like this, do I?"
10. Dr. Steiner lectures on "The Mind of Europe."
12. Advanced Students' Recital. Good variety.
13. There was a student party in the social room this afternoon. Vick and Marg Sturgeon gave extreme vaudeville and we played "Tell where your trunk key is," also post office in the French rooms. Variety of costume in dining room. Then we went home and put our clothes back in the bureau drawers.  
We sent a Disarmament Resolution to the Washington Conference and are watching the papers to see if it does any good. Hughes hasn't mentioned it yet, but perhaps the mails are slow.
15. Home Ec. Club has Xmas candy demonstration. They don't give samples.
16. Dickens' "Christmas Carol" is dramatized by beginning Expression class.
17. Santa and the Y. W. give a Christmas party to some of the poor youngsters of the city. Wonder if they had a better time than we did.
18. A day of candles. "Follow the gleam" and candle march in Y. W. Red candles at Christmas vespers.
19. Dramatic Club gives the enchanting "Land of Heart's Desire" and a clever skit "Where but in America." The curtain sticks, but then something original always happens at an I. W. C. affair.
29. Carol singing. Frosty lawns and night skies, and Mrs. Harker's chocolate.
21. Home!

## JANUARY



4-Back!



7. Town girls get on the map by giving a dance.
13. Dr. McClintock comes to us with his wisdom and his grin from U. of Chicago. He lectures on "The Social Uses of Comedy."
14. Miss Knopf talks in chapel on what is art and what ain't.
16. Miss Johnston at Home to Senior.
17. Miss J—talks in Chapel on the evolution of language.
18. Miss J—retires from the public eye in favor of the Bat.  
The dean announces the reception to be given by Dr. and Mrs. Harker. Lively trade in men begins.
19. Greetings Staff tells its woes in a Chapel stunt.
20. At our miniature Disarmament Conference I have no doubt that we improved on the original. The gracious dignity of Martha as Hughes could not be surpassed, nor the ultra-reporterishness of the reporters.
21. Springfield Industrial Girls come for conference. The I. C. girls give a clever stunt in our gym. Let's keep up the new relations.
22. Forum discussion with Industrial girls on subject of saving.  
Miss J—champions night-caps.
23. The French Club is reincarnated and entertains itself at a supper.
24. The Student Friendship Fund is presented by Dorothy Remley in Chapel, and Mr. Lowry speaks for the students of Russia.  
"And hands of comradeship must reach  
Over all barriers of race."  
Dorothy Dieman receives a pussy-cat, a la parcel post.
26. Miss Cooper's table has a tin shower for?
27. Great indignation and excitement. "It's an insult, I say!" You see, Dr. Harker accused us of working not more than two hours a day, and accumulated wrath is descending upon him.



28. English History outline bed-spreads are fashionable furnishings in many rooms. They also make attractive wall panels.
29. The prognosticators start to cram.
31. Exams.

## FEBRUARY

4. Last day of exams. Feasting and general joy.
5. O, day of rest!
6. Week of Prayer. Fireside services and morning corridor meetings.
9. Day of Prayer for Colleges. Miss Esparza arrives from Mexico.
13. Miss Miller presents Miss Tull and Mr. Ratcliffe in recital.  
Origin of lingo. You talk lingo! Better! Save time! Lingo no go in classes—good outside. You no know lingo? Ask Hat. She authority!
16. Miss Powell reads "Jeanne d'Arc."  
Strange complication in the dead o' night. Remember?
18. The reception. Ahh!
19. We resemble a coed school today.
20. Men gone. Down to earth.



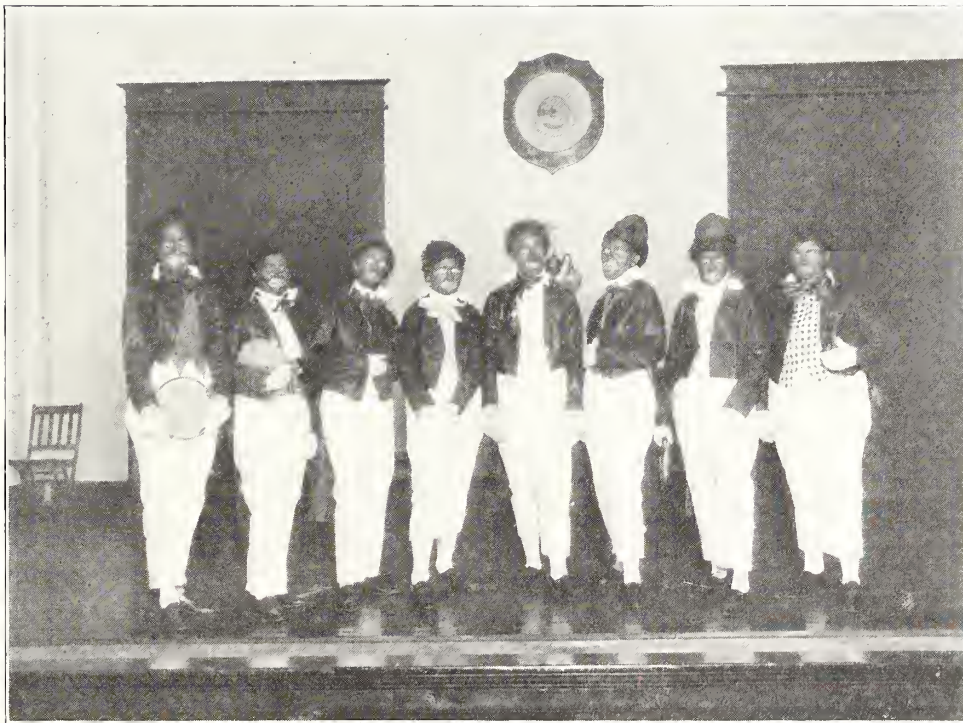
22. Cherry pie. George's suit coat fit rather queerly when worn wrong side out, but his hair wafted powder at every move. This is the only time of year when knickers are proper in the front hall.
23. We bore them on our shoulders amidst hearty cheers. Football? No, speaking contest.
24. The man who has been choking us with his old flashlight smoke in chapel, dining-room and class compensates with a lantern lecture on Java.
27. Miss Anderson at Home to Freshmen. Frances Ingram's glorious recital.

## MARCH

1. Snow! Juniors sail off in bob-sleds. Wonder how the waiter at Batz' invested those penny lips?
2. Professor Hayes' lecture. We resolve not to be "stand patters." Seniors extract new privileges.
3. "The Pill Bottles" presented in Y. W. meeting.
6. I. W. C. adjourns to the gallery of the Grand, where we find the total enrollment of I. C. waiting likewise to view the Beggar's opera.
7. The Glee Club puts on the cleverest little minstrel show.  
It took a long while to identify the eight black dots.
9. Miss Mehus devotes herself largely to the children of Jacksonville but tonight we had the opportunity to hear her in recital.
10. First World Fellowship classes.
11. Professor Ward—"Shall some have cake when others have no bread?"



13. Gym exhibition. It's lots of fun watching your friends hop around and it's even fun when it's your turn to do the hopping.
14. Step lively and look intelligent as possible! An educational committee of dignitaries is here to give us the once-over.
15. Freshman Recognition Day. Stunning red arm bands. Banner arises mysteriously from nowhere.  
The Freshmen put it over the Sophs in the first b. b. game of the season. Then the Juniors fought with the Seniors and came out one ahead.
16. Young Artists' Concert, with Miss Alma Mehus, pianist, and Miss Margarithe Morris, violinist.  
Dr. and Mrs. Harker leave for the home of sun-kist oranges.
17. The Seniors plant their silver maple. Page the botany authority!
18. "The air is soft and moon hangs low.  
Come, Pierrette! Ho Pierrott!"
20. Recital of Advanced Students. Seniors inaugurate greeting code of "t'wit, t'woo."
21. The Freshmen beat the Juniors—hard. Sophs wrest an extra point from the Seniors.
22. Sophs beat Juniors and win second place. Freshies add the Senior's scalp to their belt and are champs!
23. Mr. Shaw tells us the cigarette ratio for every man, woman, and child in the U. S. Think I got cheated!



The eight black dots, and the rest of the minstrel tour to Winchester.

24. Juniors take all places in Essay contest, but the Sophomores sure can yell!
27. Alpha Pi Delta At Home to the Faculty. Congratulations on the idea!  
Zoellner Quartet. Oh Amandus! And then it wasn't he! Will not a bow by any other name be just as fetching?
28. The Freshmen present a quaint little play group.
29. Hiram and his Better Half advertize the Spring Revue. Dean's talk has unusually good attendance.
30. Dolls performed in the morning for the benefit of the Spring Revue. Sophs gave themselves a birthday party and some vaudevil that is best described as *keen*.

## APRIL

1. I thought I'd never get to the alumnae tea because all the good clothes on the corridor had been borrowed, but it was so nice that I'm glad I made the effort.  
The Expression Contest was the first public appearance of many of our beginners in the department, and it was a Freshman who won first prize.
3. Spring Revue. Just like the New York roof gardens, tamed down! Did the gym ever look lovelier?  
The Glee Club goes to Greenfield. Its members now casually speak of "when I was on the road."
4. Some plain business facts about endowment by a man who knows—Mayor Crabtree. Our little ship of great hopes is launched with ceremony. "Sail on, nor fear to breast the Sea."
5. The Seniors little bank bobs up from obscurity, and the Sophs map out the Student Building. Do the plans provide for a constant supply of men?
8. We want new library shelves and new library books, but leave us Miss Tommy just as she is.—Signed, the Juniors.  
Seniors present "Sen-Jun" at Colonial. Chester is almost too cute for the gravity of Andy and Min.
10. Seniors are entertained at tea by Expression Department. Miss McLaughlin gives the Juniors a jolly Easter party.
11. Madrigal Concert was worthy of much larger audience.
11. Special Endowment tables give the Seniors another chance to sing their little song.  
The Scribblers Club announces that when they were entertained by the Proof-readers they "busted" all tradition by arriving early instead of the fifteen minutes late that has been customary to I. W. C. since 1849.
12. Dramatic Club initiation.
13. Those who can swim or build a raft go home for Easter.
15. Jacksonville children find that the Easter rabbit has especially favored our back campus.





## FISH STORIES

She bobbed her hair,  
 Yes, cut it short;  
 Not to be vampish,—  
 She wasn't that sort.  
 She wanted to save time,—  
 You know the tale,—  
 But then, wasn't Jonah  
 Swallowed up by a whale!

\*\*\*

Mary-Lib.: "Say, Jennie, where shall I put this reform of the calendar under George the Third, economic or constitutional development?"  
 Jennie: "Economic! Didn't it save eleven days of history?"

\*\*\*

Mrs. Weber (in psych.): "Think of a screw-driver. Do you feel any movement in any part of the body?"  
 Helen Brougher: "Yes, in my head."

\*\*\*

M. Ellison: "We have a dreadful time in Harker,—the water is too warm to drink, and not warm enough to bathe in."

\*\*\*

"What does Marg. Fowler think she's trying to do in the botanical world?"  
 "She's trying to graft an oyster plant and a milk weed to produce oyster stew."

\*\*\*

Mr. Pearson: "I come over to practice 'All by myself in the morning.'"

Heard during a discussion of social evolution in Sociology class:

E. G. H.: "The three means of social amalgamation are eating, intermarriage, and peaceful assimilation."

B. B.: "Then s'pose intermarriage isn't *peaceful* assimilation!"

M. F.: "Well, anyway, eating is assimilation by pieces, if it isn't peaceful!"

\*\*\*

"Psychology is a scientific explanation of why we mortals do the things we do."

\*\*\*

A. Barwise (translating French): "His eyes danced around each other."

\*\*\*

Excited Vick: "Father, I passed Shakespeare yesterday."

Father: "Did he speak?"

\*\*\*

Freshman, watching G. Styles practicing pedal exercises on the organ: "Say, Grace, do you get gym credit for that?"

\*\*\*

#### ECHOES FROM EASTER VACATION

Flo: "Goodbye, girls, you may see me floating down the Illinois soon!"

Julia Mae: "I may be an angel after I cross the river."

Marg. S.: "No danger!"

D. Dean.: "Au revoir! See you at the I. W. C. convention at New Orleans in a couple of weeks!"

\*\*\*

Bill: "Both my father and my grandfather married the girl they took to the prom."

Mid.: "Oh, Bill, this is so sudden."

\*\*\*

Miss Esparza: "O, Miss Austin, I am a Senior,—a Senior!"

Miss Austin: "A Senior?"

Miss Esparza: "O, I mean one who does wrong,—yes, yes, I mean a sinner!"

\*\*\*

Mrs. E.: "Isn't it strange,—these safety matches won't light any place but on the box."

Mrs. M.: "O, I don't know,—I've seen them light on the floor!"

\*\*\*

Betty M.: "Did you know that they fed Bud on axle grease?"

Faye F.: "Heavens, no! Why on earth?"

Betty: "To help his waggin'!"



Woodson: "Jes' listen to all that money cracklin' in my pocket."

Mrs. M.: "Now, Woodson, are those really bills or are they only pieces of serap paper?"

Woodson: "Yes'm, bills,—with please remit on 'em."

\*\*\*

Mr. Adams: "I don't consider myself a genius by any means. I don't think any of us do."

\*\*\*

"I tho't you had that quiz down cold,"

And thus replied our hero;

"Well, didn't I have it cold enough?"

The grade I got was zero."

\*\*\*

"You're always going around with a chip on your' shoulder."

"That's better than carrying a block around on them as you do."

\*\*\*

"Whatcha gonna write on for your theme?"

"The Results of Idleness,' and hand in eight blank sheets of theme paper."

\*\*\*

Dixie: "Allez-vous joine the French Club? Now, can you translate that?"

Ramona: "Yes, anybody could who could understand English."

\*\*\*

Phi: "I can read Charley like a book."

Nu: "You're foolish to waste your time and strain your eyes over such small type."

\*\*\*

Jane Wallace and Ruth Webb were walking in the rain.

Jane: "Maybe we'd get less wet if we walked up here."

Ruth: "Oh, I'm all right down here,—I have 'Webb' feet, you know."

\*\*\*

LeNore: "My father went around the whole golf course in '81."

Marian: "That's nothin'. My grandfather went all the way to California in '49."

Mag M.: "Have you any mail for me?"  
 Postman: "What is your name?"  
 Mag: "Oh, you'll find it on the envelope."

\*\*\*

Mary C.: "What's the big idea in all the tears, Vel?"  
 Mary: "O cheer up, she'll recover alright."  
 Mary: "O cheer up, she'll recover alright."  
 Vel: "I know, but it seems that I never can be around when there is any fun going on!"

\*\*\*

Lura: "I had a stirring time this afternoon."  
 Billie: "Yes, I went to the alumnae tea, too."

\*\*\*

Grace T.: "The only time I ever had to have a doctor was once when I fell off an heirloom!"

\*\*\*

G. Laughlin (talking at top speed and suddenly realizing that no one is listening to her):  
 "Oh! I haven't any audience."

\*\*\*



GASOLINE ALLEY?



Mr. Potter, inspecting Winnifred's expense account for last term: "What do you mean by fifteen dollars for tennis?"

Winnifred, easily: "Oh, that's for a couple of rackets I had to have."

Mr. P.: "Yes, I understand, but I think we used to call them bats."

\*\*\*

Speaking of classes, the boxer is not the only one who has been saved by the bell.

\*\*\*

Flo: "Men for the Senior—Junior? That's easy; we can phone to I. C. and tell them to send out about three dozen men C. O. D."

\*\*\*

All Gaul is divided into three parts.

Yea?

Yea, and you've got all three of 'em.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Weber (in psych): "Are any of you, in a direct way, aware of your brain?"

M. Sturgeon (emphatically): "Yes!"

\*\*\*

This P. S. was found on a letter which was *accidentally* dropped, "Isle of View."

\*\*\*

'23—I've decided that if I flunk I'm going to take aviation poison."

'24—Never heard of it. How strong is it?

'23—One drop is deadly.

\*\*\*

Fussy Old Gentleman (boarding a street car): "You have very clumsy steps."

Irate conductor (taking the thing entirely too personally): "Well, what do you expect for a nickel, Pavlova?"

\*\*\*

Sarita's little joke:

The animals are entering the ark. At the head of the procession are two elephants, directly behind them, two ants. The elephants suddenly turned angrily to the ants and said: "Quit pushing," and the ants said, "Oh, pardon us, we didn't see you!"

\*\*\*

B. B.: "I say, Miss Boyd, can I take corrective gym."

Miss B. (looking puzzled): "Why, what's the matter with you."

B. B.: "Oh, nothing, except that my gym sure does need correcting."

\*\*\*

Flo, in passing Jo, gives her a friendly rap, which Jo returns with interest. Flo exclaims, "One-half of the Junior class scrapping with the other!"

\*\*\*

At first she touches up her hair  
To see if it's in place,  
And then with manner debonair  
She touches up her face.  
A touch of curls behind her ear,  
A touch of cuffs and collars,  
And then, she's off to Daddy, dear,  
To touch him for ten dollars.

\*\*\*

H. Seybold in Theory and Practice: "I visited the Prince Albert school Monday."

Frosh: "I want a leave of absence for over the weed-end to visit my sister in St. Louis."

Dean (quickly): "How long have you known her?"

Frosh (absent mindedly): "About two weeks."

\*\*\*

Mr. Weber: "Yes, out in Oregon they built three churches from out one Redwood tree."

Agnes Davis: "Oh, were they *frame* buildings?"

\*\*\*

Sturgeon: "Yes, he had the audacity to kiss me."

Vick: "Of course, you were indignant!"

Sturgeon: "Yes, every time."

\*\*\*

This is good—Lucille Vick=L. V.=Lo Ve.

\*\*\*

F. Holder (in Morphology Lab.): "I think these archegonia are the hardest things to draw."

M. De Pew: "Ain't it the truth!"

J. Wallace: "Yes, *isn't* it the truth?"

\*\*\*

Mrs. Weber (in association lesson): "When I say 'hat,' what do you think of?"

Rachel D.: "The square."

\*\*\*

Jo C. (teaching Sunday school class of six-year-olds): "I'm sure some of you can tell me about Solomon. You certainly remember Solomon who killed the giant."





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#### A SOCIOLOGICAL PROBLEM

The bobbed hair situation has become a sociological problem. I presume it would not be safe to say whether the condition is pathological or otherwise. To some it seems that only a mind disturbed by a very serious ailment would ever conceive of so ruthlessly cutting off one of Nature's precious gifts. To others it is evidence of a lack of vanity and of a sensible mind. Although originally the number of persons in the first class was the greater, the latter class is growing steadily and many now believe that in time favor will become so prevalent that bobbed hair will no longer be only a fashion, but a well established custom.

For a number of years it has been customary for small girls to wear their hair bobbed. Either the period of childhood is being extended a number of years, or those who desire to return to this custom have arrived at that period of life generally known as "second childhood." Perhaps one reason that bobbed hair has been connected with one or the other form of childhood is that it was originally the small, young-looking, "cute" girl who bobbed her hair. But a change has come about, and now it is not only the frivolous little person who bobs her hair, but also the tall, lanky person,—even some of the Seniors have succumbed to the fashion. It is only a step now until it will reach the faculty. Where is the prophet who can foresee when that step will be taken? Should it ever come to pass there will then be no doubt as to which way this sociological problem will be solved.



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Lack of pictures due to Family Modesty.  
(Already appeared elsewhere.)



## CLOSING EXERCISE

"We're glad that we wear a jug,  
We're glad we can drink from a mug,  
To be a good fellow,  
At night be quite mellow,  
The pledge of each gay H. M. S.  
Quite so!"

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What for we came to college  
But the faculty think  
If the amount of knowledge  
We gain  
Is all we get while here  
Our four years are wasted,  
For they don't think we study  
Enough to absorb any knowledge  
While we're at this here college.

Really, now is it so?  
Remember that midnight oil we burned  
Until the dawn appeared in the east  
Over the Sociology exam?  
Or the meals we cut  
To finish up a poem for advanced Comp?  
Or the speeches we missed in chapel?  
Cause we had to study French or Latin  
or History or Math?  
And occasionally we used study hours for 'em, too.

ILLI WOCO

OTTO SPIETH

PHOTOGRAPHY  
In All Its Branches



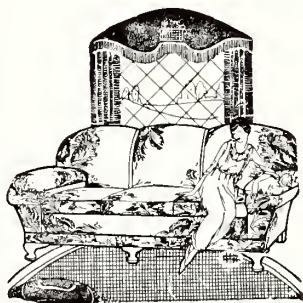
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## MATANZAS—(Continued)

"And Monday," interrupted Dorothy, "wasn't that a glorious day? The sun came out so brightly and then Mr. DePew came up and took us all riding in the motor boat. Say didn't we have the best bunch, though. Everyone was a perfect peach."

"Oh, I think we spent most of Monday cleaning up our cottage when we weren't nutting or hiking or taking pictures or something. We simply pushed out loads of dirt and the crowning event of all,—do you remember about the hair switch and how we made believe it was burned up. Some of the girls actually smelled burned hair, too! ! Honestly, my sides ached for a week I laughed so much. Gracious Dorothy, did something suddenly go wrong with your speaking apparatus? Why look so sad?"

"You'd be sad, too, if you had to leave to drill a caste of people who haven't any more ideas how to be natural on the stage than a donkey."

"Too bad, why I was just getting my first wind to talk about Matanzas. Anyway let's just wait to have you give a toast to Matanzas."

"To Matanzas we drink, with hearty good will,  
We wish we could reach you o'er valley and hill,  
For, of all the rest  
We like you best,  
So here's to our great college thrill!"





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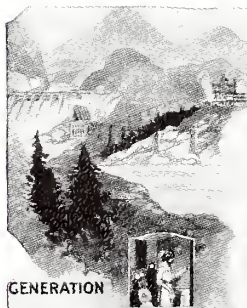
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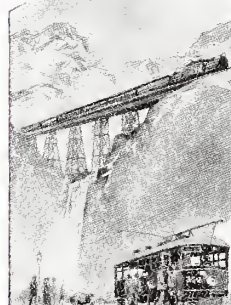
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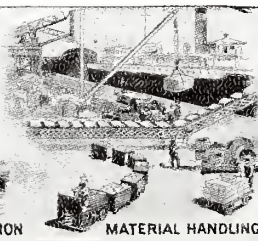
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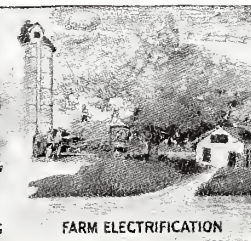
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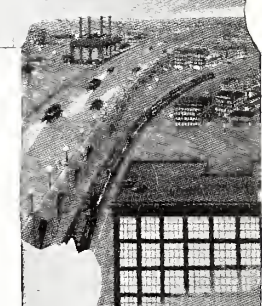
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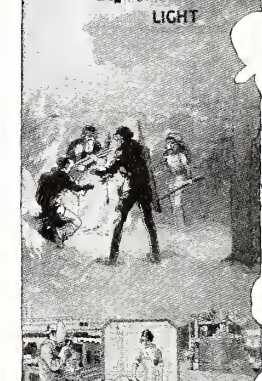
MATERIAL HANDLING



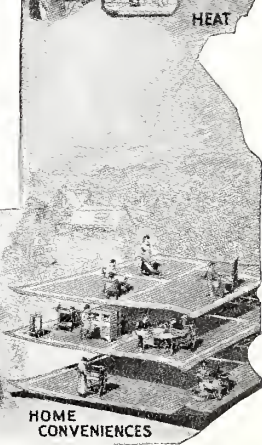
FARM ELECTRIFICATION



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HEAT

HOME  
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## THE MUSINGS OF ELLA. (Continued.)

I heard someone say that they won the Essay Contest this year,—and they publish the Illiwoco, too. And speaking of the Illiwoco, Billie Betcher has made three trips to her room in the last ten minutes. If it wasn't against my principles to offer advice unsolicited, I should like to suggest that the editor of the Illiwoco have her room by the Illiwoco office. It would be easier on her nerves at any rate, for I am no longer young and the responsibilities and burdens of my office have broken a once rugged constitution. Now I have the rheumatism, which causes my joints and cables to protest audibly. At these times Billie makes insinuating remarks concerning me,—but then, I forgive her because of her youth, and make no complaint, that again being a matter of principle with me.



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